

Jan. 22, 1927

THE

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△ NEW YORKER







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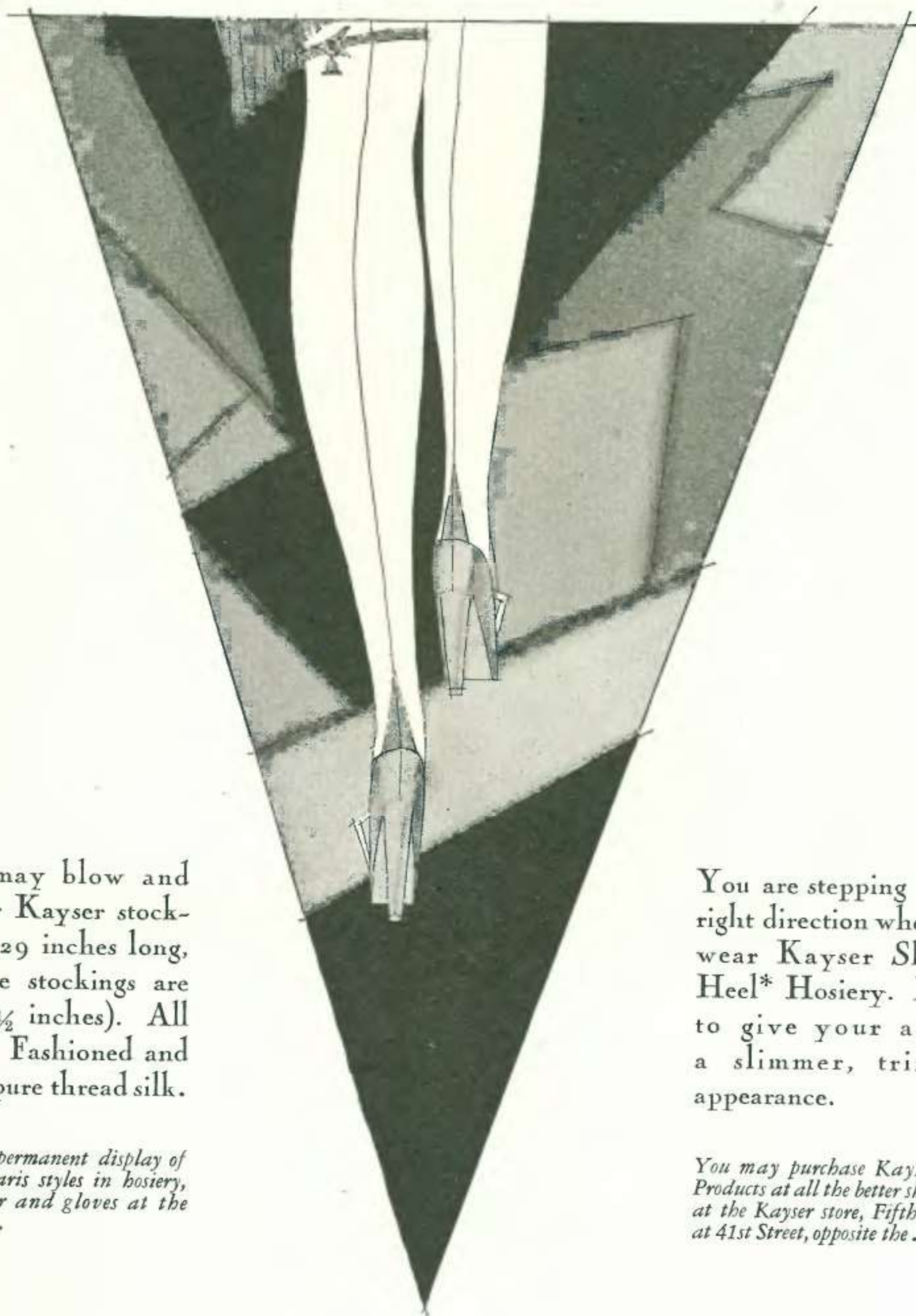
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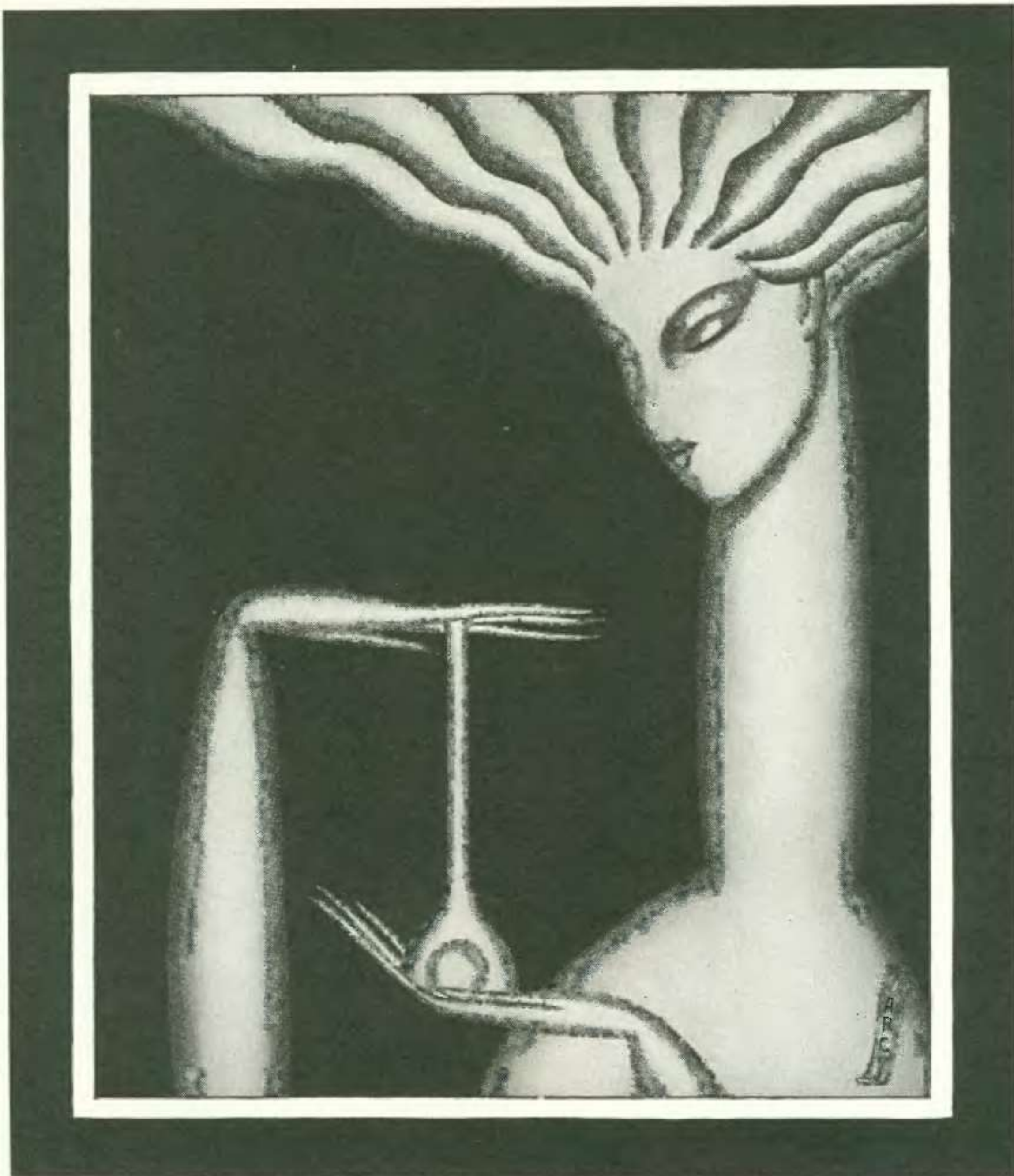
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PERFUMES—STREET FLOOR



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE NEW YORKER'S CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, TO  
FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, INCLUSIVE]

## THE THEATRE DRAMA

BROADWAY—Getting under Broadway's crust with considerable realism. BROADHURST, 44, W. of B'way.

BROTHERS KARAMAZOV—Murder and madness in the very best Russian manner. Fri., Jan. 21, and Sat., Jan. 22. Then closed for a week. GUILD, 52, W. of B'way.

LULU BELLE—The fatal career of a black belle from Harlem. With Lenore Ulric and Henry Hull. BELASCO, 44, E. of B'way.

THE CAPTIVE—A proper handling of ladylike impropriety. With Helen Menken and Basil Rathbone. EMPIRE, B'way at 40.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY—Theodore Dreiser's book made into a reasonably good play. LONGACRE, 48, W. of B'way.

NED MCCOBB'S DAUGHTER—Bootleggers butting their heads against the New England tradition. For the week of Jan. 25. JOHN GOLDEN, 58, E. of B'way.

THE SILVER CORD—All about mother love, or something like that. Fri., Jan. 21, and Sat., Jan. 22. Then closed for a week. JOHN GOLDEN, 58, E. of B'way.

THE DYBBUK—A tender Jewish legend very pleasantly handled. No Mon. performance. NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE, 466 Grand.

CAPONSACCHI—Browning's "Ring and the Book" satisfactorily dramatized for Walter Hampden. HAMPDEN'S, B'way at 63.

THE CONSTANT WIFE—Ethel Barrymore taming the desires of a wandering husband. MAXINE ELLIOTT, 39, E. of B'way.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—The musically mad Sangers placed on the stage to good effect. SELWYN, 42, W. of B'way.

BEYOND THE HORIZON—An excellent revival of O'Neill's play by the Actors' Theatre. BIJOU, 45, W. of B'way.

THE GUITRYS—There is not space enough here adequately to praise this. Watch papers for schedule. 46TH STREET, 46, W. of B'way.

GHOSTS—Ibsen's bright little bit about "the sins of the father." With Mrs. Fiske. Closes on Sat., Jan. 29. MANSFIELD, 47, W. of B'way.

AMERICAN GRAND GUIGNOL—The French thrillers in English. Not too well acted, but unique. GROVE STREET, 22 Grove.

REPERTORY—Eva Le Gallienne presenting: Fri., "John Gabriel Borkman"; Sat., (mat.) "La Locandiera," (eve.) "Twelfth Night"; Mon., "Cradle Song"; Tues., "Twelfth Night"; Wed., (mat.) "Cradle Song," (eve.) "La Locandiera"; Thurs., "Cradle Song"; Fri., "Twelfth Night." CIVIC REPERTORY, 6 Ave. at 14.

## COMEDY

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—Lorelei Lee and her tricks well mirrored from the book. With June Walker. TIMES SQUARE, 42, W. of B'way.

THE PLAY'S THE THING—Of the difficulties of trying to talk one's way out of a compromising situation. HENRY MILLER'S, 43, E. of B'way.

PYGMALION—Shaw's Cinderella, well Guilded. For the week of Jan. 23. GUILD, 52, W. of B'way.

TOMMY—A clean, sprightly, and rather aged love story that should amuse you. GAIETY, B'way at 46.

## WITH MUSIC

CRISS CROSS—Fred and Dorothy Stone making the stage safe for Mayor Walker. GLOBE, B'way at 47.

THE RAMBLERS—Clark and McCullough providing a lot of good humor, and Marie Saxon providing better dancing. LYRIC, 42, W. of B'way.

PEGGY-ANN—A fantastic and well tuned musical comedy. With Helen Ford. VANDERBILT, 48, E. of B'way.

THE DESERT SONG—Very good music and staging, with one of the world's worst plots. CASINO, B'way at 39.

THE NIGHTINGALE—What Jenny Lind would have been like if she had been as pretty as Eleanor Painter. JOLSON'S, 7 Ave. at 59.

OH, PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie saving a not very good musical comedy. FULTON, 46, W. of B'way.

AMERICANA—A small and diverting revue by J. P. McEvoy. BELMONT, 48, E. of B'way.

SCANDALS—A large revue heavily laden with stars, and music. APOLLO, 42, W. of B'way.

HONEYMOON LANE—Pickles flavored with love, making a good musical show. With Eddie Dowling. KNICKERBOCKER, B'way at 38.

COUNTESS MARITZA—Another operetta with a weak plot and good music and staging. SHUBERT, 44, W. of B'way.

QUEEN HIGH—"A Pair of Sixes" turned musical. With Luella Gear and Charles Ruggles. AMBASSADOR, 49, W. of B'way.

OH, KAY!—Gershwin music and Gertrude Lawrence in a musical comedy. Also Betty Compton. IMPERIAL, 45, W. of B'way.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE—Gilbert and Sullivan in the most capable hands. No Thurs. Eve. performance. PLYMOUTH, 45, W. of B'way.

IOLANTHE—The perfect Gilbert and Sullivan revival. Thurs. Eves. only. PLYMOUTH, 45, W. of B'way.

TWINKLE TWINKLE—Movie people and Kansas forming the background for an average musical comedy. LIBERTY, 42, W. of B'way.

VANITIES—Moran and Mack, and Charlot's revue buried under the usual thing. EARL CARROLL, 7 Ave. at 50.

## OPENINGS OF NOTE

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—A comedy by Maxwell Anderson. With Ruth Gordon. BOOTH, 45, W. of B'way. Mon., Jan. 24.

RIO RITA—Mr. Ziegfeld opens his new theatre with a new musical comedy. ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54. Mon., Jan. 24.

(Dates of openings should be checked owing to frequent late changes by managers.)

## AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

AMBASSADOR GRILL, 51 and Park Ave.—Larry Stry's music aiding the cavortings of sprightly young things. \*\*

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3.—The gay spirit of the Village applied to an uptown clientèle. Midnight revue and Pee-Wee Byer's orchestra. \*\*

CLUB LIDO, 808 7 Ave.—Basil Durant and a new partner, named Mary Horain, taking the place of the departed Yacht Club boys. \*\*\*

CLUB MIRADOR, 200 W. 51.—Simmes and Babette, European acrobatic dancers, now entertaining the élite. \*\*\*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50.—Miller and Farrell and Delaune and Revel (doing a masterly ballroom Black Bottom) amusing the most civilized crowd in town. \*\*\*

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56.—Harry Richman amusing Broadway and society alike by an indefatigable wisecracking personality. \*\*

COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9.—Comedy orchestra, good floor, and informal spirit of the Village. \*

GEORGE OLSEN'S—If you haven't found this one yet, you have missed Fuzzy Knight and the most amusing place in town. \*\*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



# SOME IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT THE PRICE OF BOOKS

**[This is an answer to a comment sometimes made about the Book-of-the-Month Club. "If I could buy books cheaper from you," some people write, "I would subscribe." What force is there in this objection?]**

OVER 40,000 people, in every walk of life, have already become subscribers to the Book-of-the-Month Club. This interesting enterprise has engaged a group of five well-known critics to choose each month "the outstanding book of the month." This book is then sent to subscribers *just like a magazine*. They pay the same price for it (no more) that the publisher himself charges.

If the book proves to be one that a subscriber would not have purchased of his own volition, *he may exchange it for any one of a number of other new books*, simultaneously recommended. Thus his freedom of choice among the new books is no more limited than if he browsed in a bookstore. The members of the Selecting Committee, which chooses the books, are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White.

## Why Most People Subscribe

Now, why subscribe to this service if one is to pay the same price the books will cost in a bookstore? Because, again and again, by reason of procrastination or business, *you fail to obtain and read the really outstanding books*. How many times have you said: "I must read that book!" Then, months later, you confess to someone that "you never got around to it." The Book-of-the-Month Club insures you against this. It puts the book in your hand. You can't miss it. That is the chief reason intelligent people subscribe to this service: not to get "bargains," *but to make sure they will read the books they intend to read*.

"But this need not prevent you," someone will argue, "from offering books at a lower price, like the German societies." Those who make this argument do not understand the radical difference between the Book-of-the-Month Club and the German societies. *The German societies are publishers. Each one publishes its own books, and subscribers must take each book these publishers get out, whether they like it or not. There is no privilege of exchange.*

If the Book-of-the-Month Club made contracts with authors, if it published its own books, *and if it did not give the privilege of exchange*, it might be able to give its subscribers some books at a lower price. But that is not its function: *its function is to choose for its subscribers the outstanding books among all the books that are published*, whoever the author and whoever the publishers, so that its subscribers will not miss those books!

## Bargain Prices on Best Books Impossible

Since we do not publish our own books, since we must scrupulously consider the books of all publishers without favor, we are compelled to sell any book that is chosen at the same price the publisher charges. *For there is not a single publisher of any standing, who will cooperate with us in selling a good new book at one price while book stores are obliged to sell it at a higher price.*

It is true that perhaps, by "shopping" among publishers (something completely foreign to the whole idea), we might occasionally be able to induce publishers to relinquish *some books* that might be sold at a lower price. But the *only* books they

could let us have would be "second-rate books." The books by their important authors—the books that intelligent people do not care to miss—they will never let us have at a bargain price. Why not? *Because they themselves cannot afford to.* It is a rarity for a good book to sell below \$2.00 a copy, simply because it is impossible for the publisher to sell any good book for a smaller sum and yet keep his business alive. The cost of manufacture and the rate of author's royalty forbid it.

## Send for Prospectus

No—the Book-of-the-Month Club would like to be able to favor its present subscribers, and to obtain new ones, with an offer of "the best new books at a bargain." But it cannot do so, and advertise honestly. For the truth is that, if we did this, *none of the reputable publishers could afford to submit their best books to us for consideration*, and thus the whole idea of the enterprise—which is, *to enable people to obtain the truly outstanding books*—would be altogether dissipated.

If you are interested in the Book-of-the-Month Club, and wish to know how it operates, send for its prospectus. Its present 40,000 subscribers, comprising what is perhaps the intellectual elite of the country, proves that this is a service that you will find both convenient and valuable. Your request for this prospectus will not obligate you to subscribe.



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## PACKARD

Ask the Man Who Owns One



CONTINUED

KATINKA, 109 W. 49.—A subterranean cellar with its own devoted clientèle and an atmosphere more than a little Russian. \*

KAVKAZ, 1691 B'way.—Another Russian favorite for a devoted few. \*

LE PERROQUET DE PARIS, 146 W. 57.—Roger Kahn's glittering effort to make the five-dollar couvert social. The Kahn orchestra and a revue. \*\*

ROSS FENTON CLUB, B'way at 50.—Brooke Johns, exuberance and all, returned from England with his orchestra. Right enough. \*\*

TEXAS GUINAN'S THREE HUNDRED CLUB, 151 W. 54.—Crowded and noisy and rowdy and unsuitable for minors. Go as late as the curfew allows. \*\*

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60.—Couvert inconsequential, surroundings aristocratic, and clientèle refined. \*\*\*

SMALL'S, 2294 7 Ave., and CLUB BRAMVILLE, 65 W. 129, are the big show places of Harlem, sometimes highly amusing, sometimes deader than doornails. Take a chance and go late. Better not dress.

\* NEEDN'T DRESS

\*\* BETTER TO DRESS

\*\*\* MUST DRESS

### MOTION PICTURES

WHAT PRICE GLORY—A rousing, ribald comedy made from the play. With Victor McLaglen as *Captain Flagg*. HARRIS, 42, W. of B'way.

THE BIG PARADE—A stirring picture of the war. With John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. ASTOR, B'way at 45.

THE BETTER 'OLE—Syd Chaplin as a life-like *Old Bill*. And the Vitaphone. COLONY, B'way at 53.

POTEMKIN—An interesting and different picture that you should see. Watch papers for theatre.

OLD IRONSIDES—One of the most beautiful pictures made. The story is not so much. RIVOLI, B'way at 49.

MICHAEL STROGOFF—A herd of rough Tartars saving a mediocre picture. COHAN, B'way at 43.

BEAU GESTE—Good adventure, and good mystery providing a satisfactory evening. CRITERION, B'way at 44.

THE LIGHT WITHIN—A revival of a German film. With Lil Dagover. FIFTH AVENUE, 66 5 Ave.

The following also are recommended. Consult the daily papers to learn if they are showing and where:

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH, FAUST, BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT, A LITTLE JOURNEY, HOTEL IMPERIAL, and BLONDE OR BRUNETTE.

### OPENINGS OF NOTE

SLUMS OF BERLIN—A new German movie, alleged to be above the average. CAMEO, 42, E. of B'way. Sun., Jan. 23.

### ART

O'KEEFFE—Annual fireworks display of a woman who paints rings around the rainbow. Don't miss it. Room 303, ANDERSON GALLERIES, Park at 59.

GRECO TO MATISSE—Show of twenty-six classics for benefit of Greenwich House Music School. REINHARDT, 730 5 Ave.

ROBINSON—Paintings and drawings of a master draughtsman. ARTISTS' GALLERY, 51 E. 60.

MANOLO—Sculptures by a Portuguese; also drawings by his master, Picasso. WEYHE, 794 Lexington.

LEMORDANT—Paintings and drawings; review later. WILDENSTEIN, 647 5 Ave.

MONET—Excellent showing of the late French Impressionist, first to last. DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57.

GUYS—The drawings and water colors of a great observer of life, a rare chance to see a private collection. WILDENSTEIN, 647 5 Ave.

WOMEN—Whitney Studio Club, with outside help, stages a symposium of the fair sex done in oil, emphasizing sex rather than fair. 14 W. 8.

MATISSE—A historical showing of one of the great living Frenchmen. Retrospective, with sense. VALENTINE DUDENSING, 43 E. 57.

KUNIYOSHI—One of the great Americans in a show with some new things. DANIEL, 600 Madison.

LEVINSON—Recent works of this artist. NEUMANN ART CIRCLE, 35 W. 57.

JUNIOR LEAGUE ART—The works of girls who at least know what they like. Closes Tues., Jan. 25. LEAGUE HEADQUARTERS, 139 E. 61.

SWEDISH ART—Swedish contemporary art. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. and 82.

### MUSIC RECITALS

HAROLD SAMUEL—Conclusion of six-day Bach piano cycle. TOWN HALL, Fri. Aft., Jan. 21; Sat. Aft., Jan. 22; Sun. Aft., Jan. 23.

GILBERT ROSS—Excellent young American fiddler. AEOLIAN HALL, Sat. Eve., Jan. 22.

OLIN DOWNS, JOHN ERSKINE AND ERNEST URCHS—A critic, a novelist and a famous figure in the piano world in a three-piano recital with orchestra. STEINWAY HALL, Fri. Aft., Jan. 21; Sat. Eve., Jan. 22.

KOCHANSKI AND BAUER—Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano by two initiated artists. AEOLIAN HALL, Sun. Aft., Jan. 23.

VIOLET KEMBLE COOPER AND VICTOR WITTGENSTEIN—Recitations and complementary piano music. BOOTH THEATRE, 45, W. of B'way, Sun. Aft., Jan. 23.

WALTER GIESEKING—One of the great



# ABOUT TOWN

FROM PAGE 4

pianists. CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. Eve., Jan. 23.

ANGNA ENTERS—The choreomime whom you'll have to see. SELWYN THEATRE, 42, W. of B'way. Sun. Eve., Jan. 23.

KATHERINE BACON—Beginning a cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. STEINWAY HALL, Mon. Eve., Jan. 24.

DUSOLINA GIANNINI—One of our best sopranos. CARNEGIE HALL, Tues. Eve., Jan. 25.

LAURITZ MELCHIOR—A fine tenor in recital. AEOLIAN HALL, Tues. Eve., Jan. 25.

ROLAND HAYES—Another chance to hear him. CARNEGIE HALL, Wed. Eve., Jan. 26.

JOHANNA KLEMPERER—Début of a new soprano, whose husband will accompany. STEINWAY HALL, Wed. Eve., Jan. 26.

MORIZ ROSENTHAL—A great pianist. AEOLIAN HALL, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 27.

DELLA BAKER—A young soprano worth watching and hearing. TOWN HALL, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 27.

ELSHUCO TRIO—The standard string trio. AEOLIAN HALL, Fri. Eve., Jan. 28.

OPERETTA—German players presenting some old favorites on Sunday afternoons at 3:00 P.M. LONGACRE, 48, W. of B'way.

## ORCHESTRAS

ORCHESTRA—David Mannes conducting. Sat., Jan. 22, at 8:00 P.M. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82.

PHILHARMONIC—CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. Aft., Jan. 21; Sun. Aft., Jan. 23; Thurs. Eve., Jan. 27; Fri. Aft., Jan. 28. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, Tues. Eve., Jan. 25. Toscanini conducting. AEOLIAN HALL, Sat. Morn. and Aft., Jan. 22; (Children's Concerts), Schelling conducting.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY—CARNEGIE HALL, Fri. Eve., Jan. 21. MECCA TEMPLE, Sun. Aft., Jan. 23, Klempner conducting. CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. Aft., Jan. 22. (Young People's Concert.) Damrosch conducting.

SUNDAY SYMPHONY SOCIETY—HAMPDEN'S THEATRE, Sun., Jan. 23, at 12:30 P.M., Zuro conducting.

## OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY—Fri. Aft., Jan. 21, "Turandot"; Fri. Eve., Jan. 21, "Lucia" and "Sky-scrapers"; Sat. Aft., Jan. 22, "Fidelio"; Sat. Eve., Jan. 22, "La Juive"; Sun. Eve., Jan. 23, Concert. Others to be announced. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, B'way at 39.

LA FINTA GIARDINIERA—Mozart's comic opera presented by the Intimate Opera Co. Curtain at 9:00 P.M. MAYFAIR, 44, E. of B'way.

## SPORTS

BOXING—La Barba, fly-weight champion, vs. Elky Clark, Fri., Jan. 21; Berlenbach vs. McTigue, Fri., Jan. 28. All bouts at 8:30 P.M. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, 8 Ave. at 50.

HOCKEY—PROFESSIONAL—Americans vs. Rangers, Sun., Jan. 23; Americans vs. Ottawa, Tues., Jan. 25.

AMATEUR—Crescent vs. Canadian Club; N.Y.A.C. vs. St. Nicholas; 7th Regiment vs. Knickerbocker, Wed., Jan. 26. All games at 8:30 P.M. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, 8 Ave. at 50.

INDOOR POLO—Squadron "A" vs. Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club; then vs. Princeton; then vs. 2nd Corps Area. At 8:30 P.M. Sat., Jan. 22. At the ARMORY, Park at 94.

SKATING—Metropolitan Championships, on the lake, Central Park East at 72. If weather permits. Sun., Jan. 23, at 2:30 P.M.

## ON THE AIR

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—WJZ, Sat. Eve., Jan. 22 at 8:30.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—WEAF, Sat. Eve., Jan. 22 at 9.

CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA—The third act of Gounod's "Faust" direct from the stage. 10:30 P.M. (E. S. T.) on Fri., Jan. 21. Stations WEAF and WJZ.

## OTHER EVENTS

MOTOR BOAT SHOW—Go here and see the under side of a boat without getting wet. Daily from 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, Lexington at 47.

SNOW BALL—For the benefit of the Bethany Day Nursery. Sat., Jan. 22. PARK LANE, Park at 47.

CHRISTADORA BALL—And here's another excuse for sleeping late on Sunday morning. Sat., Jan. 22, RITZ, Madison at 46.

LONELY HEARTS BALL—Under the auspices of the *Graphic*, and what more do you want to know? Thurs., Jan. 27. CENTRAL OPERA HOUSE, 205 E. 67.

BEAUX ARTS BALL—In the costumes of the New Orleansians of 1810. The rest to be as usual. Fri., Jan. 28. HOTEL ASTOR, B'way at 44.

OLD GUARD BALL—Just a nice peaceful evening with the folks. Fri., Jan. 28. WALDORF-ASTORIA, 5 Ave. at 34.

AMUNDSEN—The only man to go to two Poles tells you how. 11:00 A.M., Fri., Jan. 21. TOWN HALL, 43, E. of B'way.

PRINCE WILHELM—The Swedish prince delivers a lecture, Sat., Jan. 22, at 8 P.M. CARNEGIE HALL, 7 Ave. at 57.

WILL ROGERS—You probably won't be able to get in, but you might try. 11:30 A.M., Fri., Jan. 28. TOWN HALL, 43, E. of B'way.



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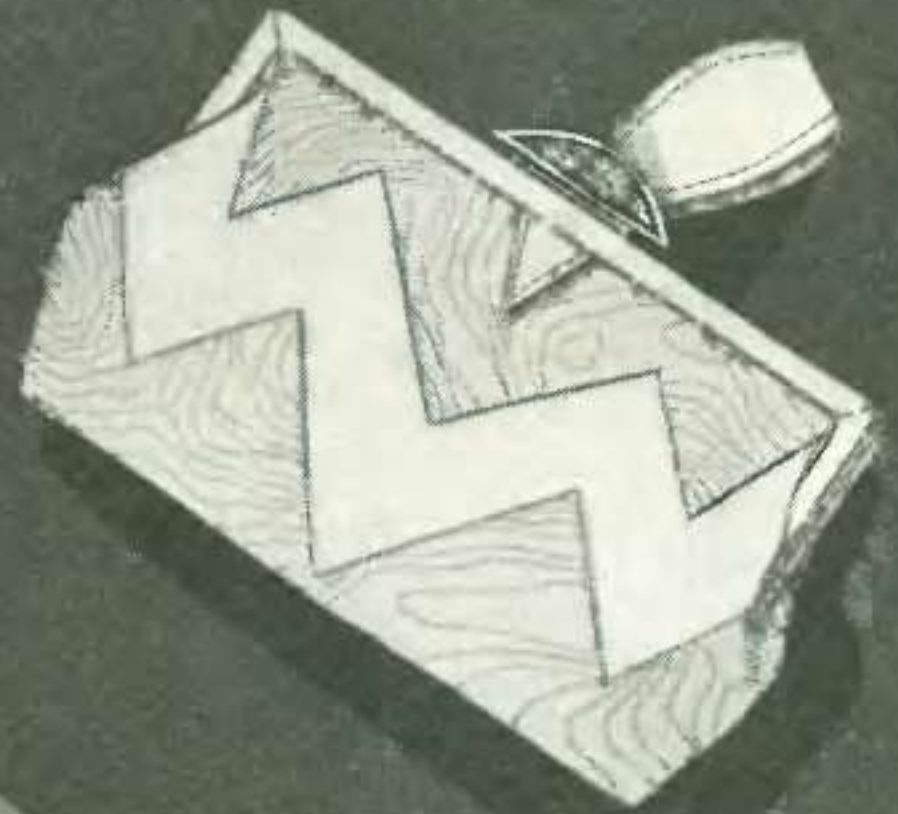
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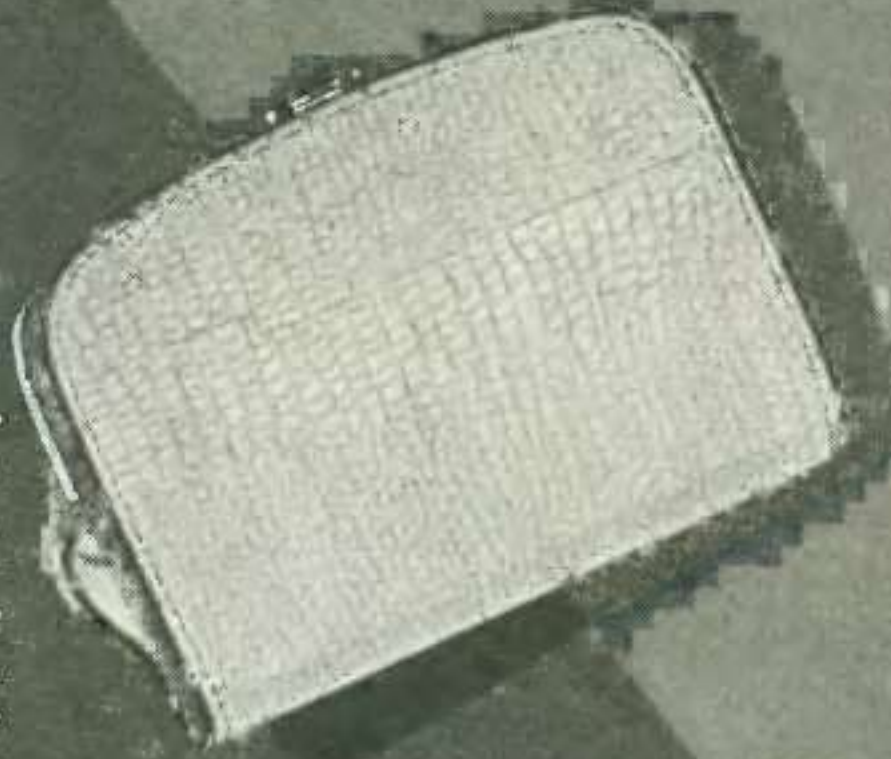
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## WHITE BAGS TO GO SOUTH

Strap-back envelope of white lizard-calf, white alligator calf, or white moire silk, with double frame centre and vanity flap. 9.75



### THE WHITE FELT HAT AND BAG ENSEMBLE

The hat an exact reproduction of a new Molyneux model. 15.50

The bag with gilt metal mounting. 9.75

The "comma clasp" bag of white lizard-calf, with gilt metal collapsible frame. 15.00



BAGS-Main Floor





## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

**A**DDERS of insult to injury are the department stores which pick out zero days for displaying one-piece bathing suits in windows. We rather suspect connivance with Florida chambers of commerce, ever alert to proselytize in the frigid



northlands. If you happen to take your winter straight, it is no fun to skid, half dead with cold, around an icy Fifth Avenue corner, only to have a papier-mâché diving girl thrown up in your chapped face.

**E**VIDENCE that the country is in its usual state of normalcy are the reports that Mr. Chaplin's films are being barred here and there. This is usual. Our quick guess is that the emotions of the persons instituting the censorship are as follows: 30 per cent for putting Mr. Chaplin off the screen as a possible menace, 70 per cent for putting themselves, in print, plainly On the Side of Right.

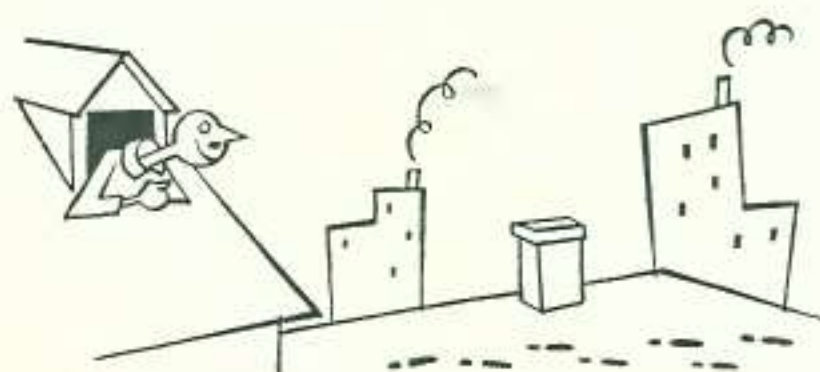
**T**WO EVIDENCES that the Tunney influence is striking at the vitals of national ignorance have



turned up within the week. One was the chauffeur of a parked taxi, whom

we startled between the covers of the *Mercury*. Drawn thus suddenly from the green paths of erudition, his interest in us as a possible fare was only so-so. The second evidence was reported by a publisher, who said a policeman in full uniform paid a visit to the publishing house to ask for a copy of rules governing auction bridge.

**W**E CONTINUE to hear that Mr. William Randolph Hearst appears determined to embellish California with an ancient Cistercian cloister at the expense of Segovia, Spain, and the Segovian natives appear to be howling at Mr. Hearst, declaring that he has no right to take their cloister even though he has paid for it. The poor Segovians are wasting their breath. At the risk of being funny, we wish to point out that large fractions of the people of America have been howling at Mr. Hearst for more than a generation without influencing him perceptibly.



**U**NFORTUNATELY, on nice bright days pessimism sometimes loses much of its appeal, and one is assailed by pleasant thoughts in spite of oneself. We could not avoid regarding with delight and enthusiasm, after a snowfall, the roof-tops lower than our own. Everybody (unless he be very rich) has enjoyed the pleasure of going out into the woods in the morning and seeing in the snow the tracks of the invisible wild things that have gamboled there. So with the roof-tops. No one ever sees anybody on roofs in winter,

yet the snow is inevitably marked with tracks a day or so after it has fallen. The conclusion, we suppose, is that we're all animals anyway.

**B**ROADWAY has its moments of glamorous beauty when it shines forth, an amazing spectacle of foolish bright existence, but for every one of



these moments there are long dull hours of the day and night when it is as tawdry as Coney at its worst.

The latest side-show is the Lucky Strike exhibit at Forty-fifth Street, where cigarettes are manufactured (step up, folks) under the horny gaze of a multitude who seem to have come straight from the boardwalk at Atlantic City. Shops along the highway are unnecessarily garish. There is an unnecessary amount of noise and pushing. Faces, so it seems, are unnecessarily vulgar. And if ever, in a mighty mood, you should want to look on man's work and despair, stroll down Broadway about three in the morning when the lights are gone and the dreary street sprawls slant-wise across the town in all the ugly meanness of disuse.

*Rosa Lewis*

**I**T SEEMS that Mrs. Rosa Lewis, known somewhat sweepingly as the Queen of Cooks, has met many sad-faced old preterists who have been gathering each day at her suite in the Ritz to recall the menus of her great dinners served in the day when Vic-



toria's naughty son was her most lavish patron. Mrs. Lewis divides her time between such reminiscences, it is said, and a frantic search of the telephone book for the numbers of those persons who might be able to purchase the \$3,000,000 tapestries she has brought, and when she failed to find Otto Kahn, Marcus Loew or the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in the alphabetical lists she burst into the vehemence of billingsgate.

She came over in the imperial suite of the *Berengaria*; and, finding no cabs at the dock, is said to have hailed a passing limousine with three young men inside, requesting that she be allowed to sit on a lap as far as the Ritz. She got the lap, largely because one of the young bloods recognized her as the proprietor of the Hotel Cavendish in London, out of which he had been thrown no less than four times.

MRS. LEWIS began her career, it seems, as a maid for Lady Randolph Churchill at the age of twelve. When King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, tasted her truffles she was made. During his reign she was the favorite of nobility. Retained for a dinner, she would arrive in the morning with twelve assistants and a pupil or two, whom she permitted to watch her for half-a-guinea a day. By evening the servants would be in a panic, the butler's vocabulary considerably enlarged and a marvelous dinner served. If the affair were stag, custom decreed that Mrs. Lewis, attired in an evening gown furnished by one of the best couturières for the sake of advertisement, would slip into a place at the table and enchant the company with stories that might not have amused Queen Victoria. She called King Edward and Lord Ribblesdale, among others, by their first names, and served dinners for the Kaiser, Kitchener, the Comte de Paris and Stuyvesant Fish.

When the home of Louis Philippe was put up for sale years ago, Mrs. Lewis bought it and opened therein the Hotel Cavendish. Into her stay here she has crowded many things. She has learned Southern recipes from a negro cook, and the secret of graceful old age from Chauncey Depew; she has acquired an unbelievable appetite for clams, and has reviewed the West Point cadets. But apparently she has one or two things still to learn. The other day, for instance, she held up a bottle of gin which had been presented to her, with the remark:

"Oh, this must be good—it has a Gordon label."

### More Haste

IT SEEMS that the Polyclinic Hospital has a rule that all student nurses shall be in the hospital by midnight and that when one of the young women of the institution, out for the evening recently, saw by the clock in Columbus Circle that it was a quarter to twelve, she stopped a cab and said excitedly, "Drive fast—I have to be in the maternity hospital in fifteen minutes."

"I'm sorry, lady," said the driver, "but not in this cab," and he drove on.

### Annual

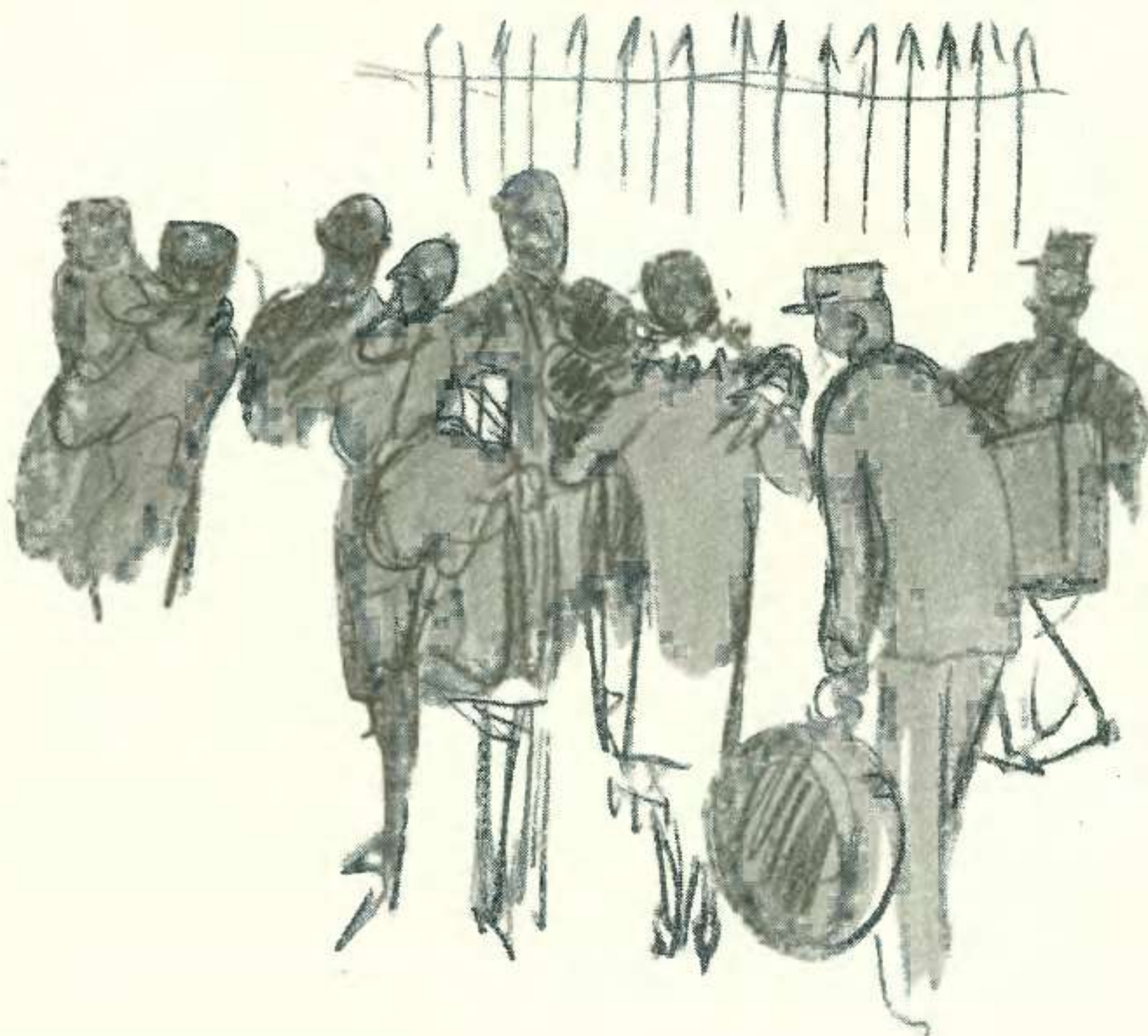
WITH "A Pageant of Old New Orleans" safely launched, Messrs. Howard Greenley, Kenneth Murchison and their architectural comrades will soon get a few days' rest—and then undoubtedly begin thinking up an idea for next year's pageant. For the annual Beaux Arts Ball is their fling and for months they have been hurrying from luncheon conferences in the Coffee House to the building in Forty-first Street, where the settings were assembled and tinkered, on to the Astor and even, occasionally, back to their offices.

Mr. Greenley, be it known, is the one who always writes the scenarios, arranges the color schemes and directs the ballet and the lighting. He is an enthusiastic little man, gray, with

waxed moustaches, and the look of a French marquis. He lives in East Fifty-fourth Street and designs houses for famous people, his latest being that of Joseph Duveen at 15 East Ninety-first Street, a house whose Georgian charms and full-length Gainsboroughs have been the talk of all who have visited it since its opening earlier this winter.

Mr. Greenley decorates the insides as well as the outsides of the mansions he builds. His also was the Widener Galleries near Philadelphia. Boasting two \$500,000 tapestries, the decoration of one small room of this cost over a million dollars. Mr. Greenley once built a theatre in Orange, managed it, wrote plays and produced them there. But apparently such interests don't hold him as does the Beaux Arts Ball.

MR. MURCHISON is as versatile as Mr. Greenley and is perhaps better known—partly because he is chairman of the ball committee and partly because he concentrates on terminals instead of private houses. He had a hand in the Baltimore Union Station, the Munson Line Building and the Gotham Bank Building. He looks like a business man and we have heard it said that he can fit more rooms into a given space than almost anybody else. His versatility is evidenced in the fact that he plays seven musical instruments, belongs to a musicians' union, and it will be his fun at the Beaux Arts Ball





to conduct Markel's orchestra. He has written the music for the pageant.

Historically, the Beaux Arts Ball is a youthful tradition. Only since 1924 has it been annual. The same group, Murchison and Greenley with Whitney Warren, Arthur Ware and a few others, have guided it.

The touch that sounds most interesting in this year's fête is the absinthe bar, a replica of the original of the Rue Royale in New Orleans. So great is the committee's ambition for authenticity that they have sprayed the walls with paregoric to give it the befitting odor.

HEARD LAST WEEK in a speakeasy, where two guests were matching for their drinks. The waiter, nervously: "Don't gamble here, please, gentlemen. The place is full of detectives."

## Duty

AMONG the more exclusive organizations of the city which don't appear in the club directories is the Sheriff's Jury, a quasi-mysterious body which is composed of equal parts of gentlemen of wealth and darlings of St. Tammany. It is because terse and totally inadequate announcements of its annual dinners already are appearing in the newspapers that we speak of it at this time.

Your sheriff of New York County, in case you have not traced the badge, is Charles Culkin. He has offices in the Hall of Records, from which he dispatches deputies to serve papers of various sorts. The cases he tries are largely those of incompetency and damage assessment in which the defendant does not appear. He listened patiently to the alienation charges against Corliss Palmer, for example.

His jury consists of four hundred and fifty men with money, position, influence or leisure enough to respond to its obligations, financial and otherwise. They are divided into three panels, each of which serves one month in every three, and meets, during this period of eruption, three times a week. The gatherings take place in the sheriff's office—more or less luxurious—in the late afternoon. Nominally twelve jurors sit at a time, but six will constitute a quorum. They dispose of official business in comfortable chairs around a large table and then exchange stories before going home. In the old days cocktails were served.

Each member pays an initiation fee of \$50, and until recently there was a fine of \$3 for each absence. A new ruling, however, calls for a payment of \$50 if a member fails to put in an appearance at least once a month. For a persistent absentee this would bring the total annual cost to around \$250, a sum considered extremely reasonable when it is remembered that the position grants immunity from other jury service.

The annual dinners are elaborate. Each panel holds its own. They take place at the Biltmore, usually with prominent judicial figures as guests, and are provided for out of the initiation fee, fine money and a charge of \$25 a plate.

## Correction

THE inaccuracies of the press are always annoying, but there seems to have been a reasonable excuse for the statement in some of the papers that a Boy Scout had been in the human chain which pulled the champion, Mr. Tunney, out of the northern lake into which he dropped a week or so ago when the ice broke. Mr. William B. Powell, who, with two guides, did the rescuing, is only five-feet-two, and as he was in outing costume, the error was, more or less, a natural one. It may be noted, even belatedly, that when the true facts became known Mr. Powell received a telegram reading, "A chain is only as strong as its weakest link," and that to this he replied, "Better a weak link than a missing one."

## Fresh Glorification

IT WAS OUR good fortune to wander into the new Ziegfeld Theatre, which opens next week, at just the right moment the other day, so we can put an end to the terrible rumors which have lately been going about that Mr. Ziegfeld meant to devote this new playhouse to a novel and, for him, untried form of entertainment. With our own eyes we saw disproof; for as we stumbled backstage we saw the entire hoisting apparatus being installed. The Follies girls, no matter what they are to be called on Sixth Avenue, will keep up the good old tradition of being propelled upward and up on a mounting stage, and if we have any luck, we shall all see a little girl in hoopskirts fifty feet long at the opening performance.



The Florida Limited—

Alice  
Harvey



The plungers or screws, or whatever they are called, which work this mechanism are about twenty feet long and six inches thick, with an enormous threading, and fit into iron tubes resting on solid concrete. They work with a slow dignity which is impressive. Stepping over planks and debris of various sorts, we arrived at the electrical switchboard which will control all the stage lighting—the baby spot from the balcony being eliminated by some clever contrivance. We made a hasty count of the various levers—none of which we understood—and figured that if a man could manipulate one with each finger of both hands, the electrical department would not need more than fifty men back stage. We were assured, however, that there is a master switch which will economize on labor.

We had intended to see the mural, designed, like the theatre, by Joseph Urban, and—it covers the ceiling—called the largest in the world, but we could see only a lot of scaffolding.

WHAT THOUGHTS on art we might have had were dissipated by the discovery of an obscure fact. Across the bulge which represents exteriorly the curve of the stage, are the words, "Ziegfeld Theatre," and the fifteen letters are not precisely hewn into the stone. No, no. They are, brutally, removable letters. Desperately interested by this circumstance, we made inquiries and discovered that as the theatre belongs to Mr. William Randolph Hearst there seemed to be no compulsion to make permanent the current name.

This reminds us of two similar enterprises. One, literally true, concerns Earl Carroll, who, in the dim days when he opened his theatre, carefully worked the initials E. C. into the mosaic, the parquet, and, in fact, into everything permanent in the building. "No one can get it away from me now," said Mr. Carroll, the day before it opened, "unless the Engineers' Club takes it over." The other report is slightly apocryphal. It concerns Ralph Adams Cram, the most famous of our ecclesiastical architects. Mr. Cram's lack of sympathy with Protestantism of any sort is well known, and he frequently builds a church with decided ritualistic overtones for a Protestant community. On one such occasion he used, as decorative material for two bronze doors, two groups of heads.

On one side—it was a Unitarian church according to the story—were Emerson and Phillips Brooks and other notables of the dissenting creed; on the other were the strict Fathers of the Church. The second group were cast with the door; the first—in Mr. Cram's anticipation of the building reverting to the true faith—were separately cast and so screwed into place that half an hour would easily remove them.

### News Item

THE NEW tango, which is apparently threatening the Black Bottom vogue, is still obviously of the Spanish type, but is less extreme, more dignified and, what with strict instructions to dance apart, more proper generally. The revival has already given birth to an organization, the New Tango Club, which meets, of all places, in a room in the Anderson Galleries every Tuesday night for two hours of serious dancing. In its membership are such as Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, Mrs. Frederick Longfellow and Mrs. Frank Adair; it leans towards exclusiveness and an older crowd. Among its male members are bankers and brokers and of course a Russian prince or two.

### Reconstruction

CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR., the author and illustrator of that notable book of the war, "Fix

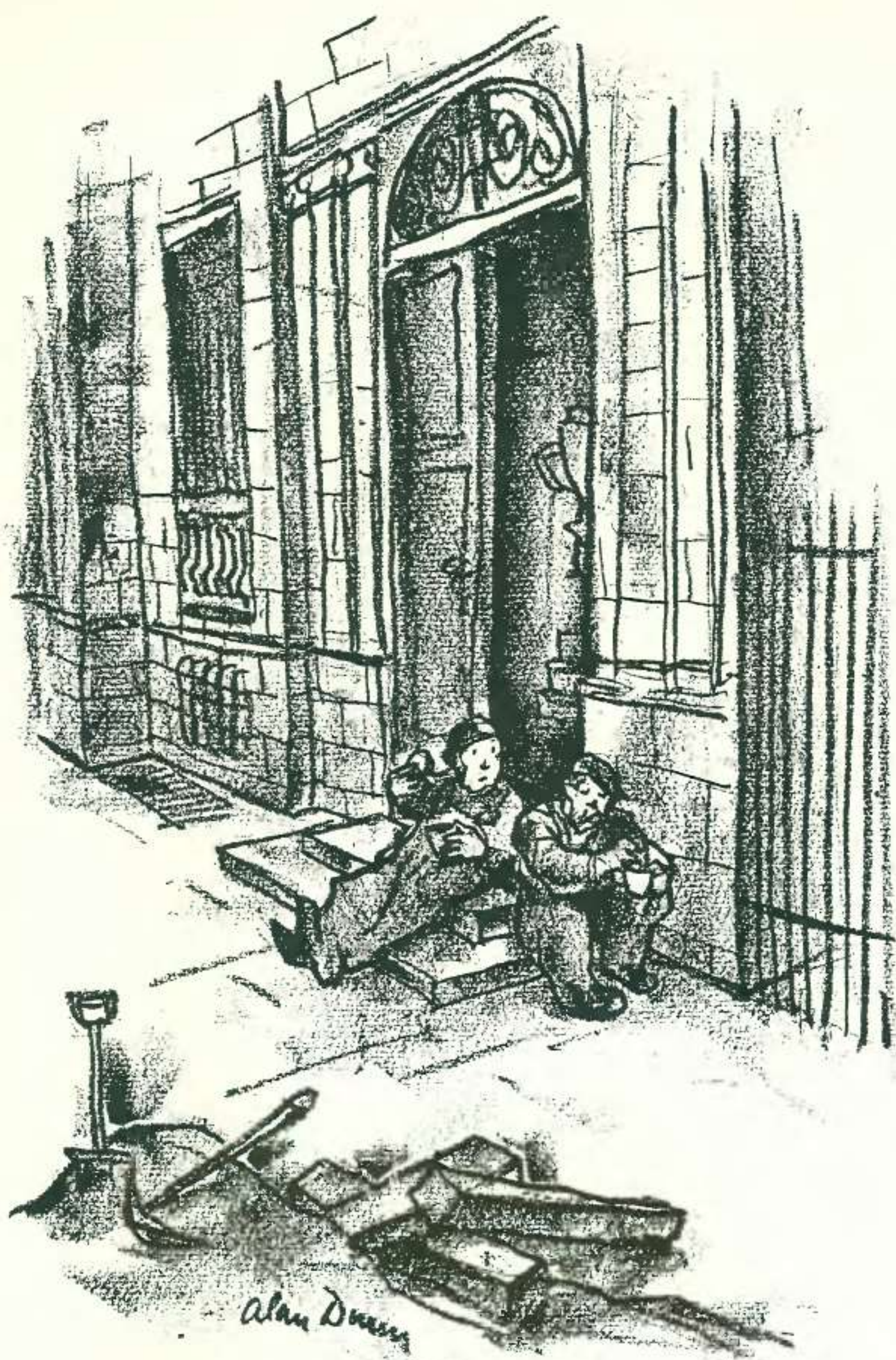
Bayonets," is, we learn, among the Marines that have landed in Nicaragua; and we gather from the press that he has the situation well in hand. But Captain Thomason was not the only Marine painter, not the only leatherneck who walked through the flame of Belleau Wood and came out with some pictures burnt into his memory. Shortly after it was all over, Claggett Wilson, sometime lieutenant of Marines attached to Brigade Headquarters, stopped whatever he was doing and furiously painted eighteen war pictures, modernistic, fascinating, faintly monstrous. Then, with that off his mind, he went mooning off to Spain to paint Basque fishermen bronzed under a lazy sun, and he has more recently been at large in Turkey.

But what of the war pictures? What of that one which reveled in the death of a fat, dissipated Boche bayoneted asprawl in a dainty boudoir? Or that one of the wounded German sniper hanging grotesquely in the crotch of a tree and crying "Kamerad! Kamerad!" like a big crippled whippoorwill? What of them? Well, it seems they are to be published as a book. Even now the plates are being made in—and that is really the point of the story—in Germany.



"You're a mean, stingy thing, and no gentleman—even if you do live on Park Avenue!"





*"Mrs. Astor be dammed, Pete. Go ahead an' dip yer roll in yer coffee."*

dramatic school. Having insufficient funds to pay her way to her home in the South, she bought a half-fare ticket (for children not over eleven). Wearing her hair down her back, shorter skirts than usual, and clutching a copy of *St. Nicholas*, she boarded a train.

Her "uncle," an older student, personally placed her in the custody of the conductor who agreed to be good to the "little niece," and the railroad company never once suspected the truth.

### Porter

**T**HE BLACKEST Red Cap at the Grand Central is our authority for the statement that an average day of

luggage-carrying there brings in between four and five dollars. Things brightened up, of course, around Christmas and the high peak of eight dollars was occasionally reached. As the railroad pays the Red Caps absolutely nothing, our black friend pointed out that portering is not a profitable profession for a young man to choose, especially since the boys have to buy their own winter and summer uniforms, at a cost of thirty-four dollars each.

Every morning before going on duty for his ten-hour day, the Red Cap must report to one of seven bosses who inspect his manicure and general appearance and who—our informant says—draw down the lordly salary of twenty dollars a month. The common

or taxi variety of Red Cap gets free passes as far as 125th Street, and at the end of a year of service the New York Central offers him a free trip to Buffalo or Boston, as he may elect. Seniority counts for a lot, and the men who have been there the longest are given the Vanderbilt Avenue taxi entrance.

The Forty-second Street side is next in the scale. There is a feeling in the trade, however, that promotion has more glory than cash attached to it, for there is little variation in the tips, wherever one is.

The boys meet the trains according to a rotating schedule, so that all may be fair, and are assigned to special positions along the track. Day-coaches can be just as profitable as the Twentieth Century Limited, and the surprising news is advanced that women are more generous than men.

A great many of the Red Caps eventually graduate into Pullman porters, and it is from this class that the liberal professions draw their recruits. More than half of the negro lawyers and doctors of today are former Pullman porters.

**C**OMES WORD FROM THE land of make-believe that a successful fictionist, upon writing a caption which included a reference to the painter Rubens, was told that it wouldn't do because the public wouldn't know who Rubens was. An argument ensued, at the end of which a messenger was dispatched through the studio to make a practical test upon the members of the staff. He returned to report, alas! that the fictionist was wrong, that of twenty-odd persons to whom he had put the question only one was able to identify Rubens. This man, it appeared, knew him personally; he kept a delicatessen store in Madison Avenue, New York.

**T**HE BOOTLEGGERS who have been impersonating baggage-men and stewards of ocean liners with varying degrees of success have now gone further in their chicanery. They obtain passenger-lists of incoming ships, visit returning travelers the day after their arrival, pose as stewards, and offer, fraudulently, of course, "whatever wine you found to your liking on the voyage."

—THE NEW YORKERS









## BEFORE BABY CAME

his friends, his career, his normal contacts with the world—for the sake of a canary bird. Perhaps it is just because I never imagined I would settle down.

SOMETIMES, with something akin to regret, I think of the freedom once I knew—those light-hearted years before Baby came. But even in the midst of my sigh, I look round me at the tiny accouterments with which the room is littered—the flannel blankets, the little bath tub—and I hear his sweet voice coming to me from the living room, and I smile and know that I would never be willing to return to my former condition.

Two weeks have fled since the day I was driven home with him on my lap and watched proudly while they carried him upstairs and transferred him to his new white enameled cage with its broad perches and porcelain food troughs. With my own hands I sprinkled clean gravel on the bottom.

And my roommate—I will always think of him standing there by my side, looking into Baby's bright frightened little eyes and muttering over and over: "Why the hell have you done this?"

And now, after two weeks, do you suppose my roommate would return to his former condition, either? Certainly he would.

Before Baby came there was little or no song in our apartment. The rooms were quiet and dimly lit. Now they are flooded with small trilling notes as early as seven o'clock on sunny mornings. When I spoke of this change to my roommate one evening as we were sitting alone together, he nodded. "Baby has made a difference," he said, "and little or no song is still my idea of heaven."

BUT I read my own meaning into his words, and inwardly I smiled to know that this tiny new life had in reality brought us closer together than ever. I feel that this will last just as long as I continue to be the one who cleans the cage and tends to all Baby's other wants.

These duties leave me little time for anything else. Sometimes I tremble just a little to think how completely Baby occupies me, and wonder whether a man should sacrifice everything—

MY DAYS now are so different! Mornings—which I used to spend walking around the city looking for a job—are now given over to homely tasks indoors. The paper for the bottom of the cage must be cut five and a half by eleven inches. Baby's bath must be drawn and placed in the cage—and the little ingrate sometimes delays as much as an hour before he gets in.

After the bath the floor under the



cage has to be mopped up and a fresh coat of varnish laid. And there are a thousand other trifles which only parents understand—the formula must be prepared (one part rape to one part hemp), the cat belonging to the lady downstairs must be got rid of, the little pieces of apple and lettuce which my roommate has soaked in poison and hidden inside the cage must be removed, and the windows of the apartment must be weather-stripped to prevent draught.

Then there is Baby's education. That in itself would leave me no time for other activities.

At night it is the same story. Evenings used to be spent carousing in the company of good fellows. Since Baby came I find I am perfectly content to prepare a snack for myself about six o'clock and sit down to it alone in my apartment. Sometimes I forget about meals entirely. And

after supper I stay in all evening to put on the flannel blanket, and to be on hand in case my roommate should bring in any rowdy friends who are always trying to wake Baby out of a sound sleep by turning on the radio.

Even my personal appearance has changed. I am less painstaking about my dress. My hands are unkempt—dishwater lines in the palms, birdseed under the nails. I don't care. My Baby is my life, and if he were to die tonight I don't know what I would do. I know what my roommate would do, though—go out and get boiled to the ears. —E. B. W.

## DOWN-TOWN LYRICS

## BROOKLYN BRIDGE

The steps go up to Brooklyn Bridge:  
"Three."

Two—

"One—

Over the trolley-cars,  
Over the people,  
High as the clock in the City Hall  
steeple;  
Over the lamp-posts,  
High as can be,  
High over steamers  
That sail to sea—

Up go the steps to Brooklyn Bridge:  
"One — Two — Three."

Down come the steps from Brooklyn  
Bridge:

"Three — Two — One."

Down from the cable-work,  
Down from the girders,  
Back to where newsboys are screeching  
their murders;  
Down to the sidewalks,  
Back to the fun,  
Down to the level  
From where they've begun—  
The steps slide down from Brooklyn  
Bridge:

"Three—

Two—

One."

—BURKE BOYCE

There will be a roll call of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and those present will take the American pledge.—*Texas paper.*

And lo, Abou Ben Adams' name led all the rest.





John D. Rockefeller

# PROFILES

✱ ✱  
✱

## NOTES ON A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN—I

reverence Ledger A. Occasionally, the Lord of Oil himself opens the yellowed little volume before the usually awed eyes of his grandchildren.

**I**T WAS a grandson who dissolved one such solemn ceremony into decidedly un-Standardized laughter. From a wealth of newly-acquired, tutor-taught knowledge, this weanling placed an accusing finger upon an entry in the ledger and pointed out:

"Grandpop, everybody that knows anything spells toothbrush with two o's!"

Grandpop explained, with many a chuckle, that at the time he wrote "toothbrush," he was too busy checking grain on a Cleveland dock to mind his o's and u's. But, he assured his youthful critic, Grandpop got full value out of that t-o-u-thbrush, much better value than from a pair of gloves included in the \$9.09 outlay for clothing. He never neglects to explain regret at this sinful extravagance.

"I don't know why I bought those gloves," he wags his head sadly. "I was wearing mittens at the time, always had worn mittens, and they were cheap and comfortable. No, I can't say to this day what caused me to waste that \$2.50 on regular gloves."

**T**HE OIL KING's children and their children (and this will be true of the children's children that are to come) have been taught that Ledger A and what it represents is the only honorable signpost to peace and happiness, virtue and justice. Economy and Godliness!

The man who, as a sixteen-year-old boy, began that dim diary in 1855, stood not long ago upon the enclosed porch that encircles his \$3,000,000 mansion at Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown, and pressed electric switches. Instantly thirty acres of gardens and fountains, canals and cascades, brooks and grottoes, trees and terraces, pergolas and Grecian statues, sprang into multi-colored life.

As he created effects of indescribable beauty, playing upon the lights like a musician upon his keys, and, standing in the soft night overlooking his thousands of acres and the great moonlit sweep of the Hudson, the

little shriveled-up man must have felt close to the infinite. But no revelatory expression crossed his countenance, curiously pallid like desert holly.

He turned off the lights and went in to the evening's diversions, attended by his son and other members of the family. To them he is hallowed. He never gives his own estimate of himself. He calls himself "just a man of figures." He repeats the phrase often and proudly.

**I** SHOULD like to be able to justify a slang phrase and write that John D. Rockefeller owns the first dime he ever made. That would be in character but it would be inaccurate. He has a memory record of the first dime he earned. He has shown his grandchildren the very spot where he earned it. But he admits, regretfully, he did not preserve that first dime.

However, he did think out a scheme many years ago to make people emphasize the value and treasure the possession of small coins. Accordingly, some 20,000 shining dimes and nickels have passed from his vest pocket into the hands of as many men, women and children.

In giving away these coins, The Richest Man in the World has not merely been "presenting a little souvenir" to chance acquaintances. There is deeper significance and deeper psychology in the matter than that. John D.'s intimates say he has a two-fold purpose in bestowing the Decoration of the Dime: to inculcate the principles of saving and thrift, and to establish warmer personal relations with his fellows. Both objectives have been attained. People fashion amulets and watch charms of his bright coins. Hundreds have written that his small gift has turned their thoughts toward thrift and has become, in their particular households, a visible symbol of the necessity for saving.

**T**HESE are beads in the rosary of Croesus, and he gloats over them. For he believes each bead betokens a deed well done and he sees himself eventually lifted up to the very gates of God by such strands.

What an institution this man has become!

Occasionally the public catches a

"**S**EPTEMBER 26, 1855—January 1, 1856: received \$50 (wages). Paid board and washer-woman. Saved a little. Gave penny each Sabbath to Sunday School.

"1856—wages \$25 per month. Nov. 24, 1855—April, 1856: spent for clothing, \$9.09. Gave away, \$5.58. Gave to foreign missions, ten cents; to the Mite Society, fifty cents; to the Five Points Mission in New York, twelve cents."

**A**LMOST every family has a totem, whether it's a daguerrotype of Grandma at sixteen, Father's first pair of long ones or the plaque Brother Ben won pitching horseshoes at the county fair.

The symbol the Rockefeller family is most proud of is a small, wrinkled, memorandum book known as "Ledger A." Ledger A contains an account of every penny "Deacon" John D. Rockefeller earned and spent during his boyhood and early business years. It is John D.'s choicest treasure. The Rockefeller seedlings, as they have made their bow to the sunlight during the past half century, have been taught to



glimpse of him—muffled, bent, with age-worn skin, dark glasses generally concealing the ice blue eyes that gleam from sunken cheeks and skull bones. The casual observer, sighting him thus, might judge he was closely approaching the senile climacteric period of life.

But no one who does not come into close contact with Mr. Rockefeller can possibly sense the fire, cold but intense, that burns within that mummified frame. It is his inner fire that enables this remarkable individual to fend off the forces of dissolution.

Casting about feebly for a summary of the man, I can think of no better estimate than a paradox: at eighteen John D. Rockefeller was old. Approaching eight and eighty, he is young.

Rockefeller has systematically and astonishingly steinached his spirit. With no natural inclinations in that direction, he has learned to develop and live on the sunny side of his na-

ture. Unquestionably this growth, whether real or synthetic, is his greatest triumph.

ON JANUARY 8, 1927, he was eighty-seven and one-half years of age, by official count of calendar. Just as he determined, at eighteen, to become the richest man in the world, and succeeded, so he has determined to live on indefinitely upon an earth whose expansion he has so largely directed. This fine, factual mind has never known failure; and I, for one, would wager the price of a prophecy that he will be listening to a band playing music that is not slow in his secluded gardens at Pocantico Hills, on the afternoon of July 8, 1939.

John D., from what I have observed of him, will win through as our most prominent centenarian because he has been able to force himself to return to the simplicities, in spirit as well as in his physical life. Many of our

famous citizens are seeking longevity. But none of these candidates for the longer life have been forced to hurdle John D's handicaps. Terrific burdens have been placed upon this man because of his very position as progenitor of the age of machinery, consolidation, and huge industrial development in America. Thirty years ago, by the very collusive nature of his struggle, he was completely bashed, physically and nervously.

Just one avenue of salvation opened before him: he had to face about sharply, give up the things that spelled chief interest for him and create a new spiritual, mental, physical outlook. He succeeded; and life to him now is a renaissance, almost a rhapsody.

APPARENTLY, the renascent Rockefeller is completely contented. He leads a perfectly balanced life. He sleeps eight undisturbed hours each night and for a few moments at short intervals during the day. He eats sparingly, but without restriction, of any dish he wishes with the exception of the few (sweets, tomatoes, cucumbers) which experience has taught him do not agree with him.

He enjoys organ recitals, band concerts and vocal renditions of old hymns and favorite songs of his boyhood. He reads with absorption three books and certain selected private reports, and glances over two newspapers daily.

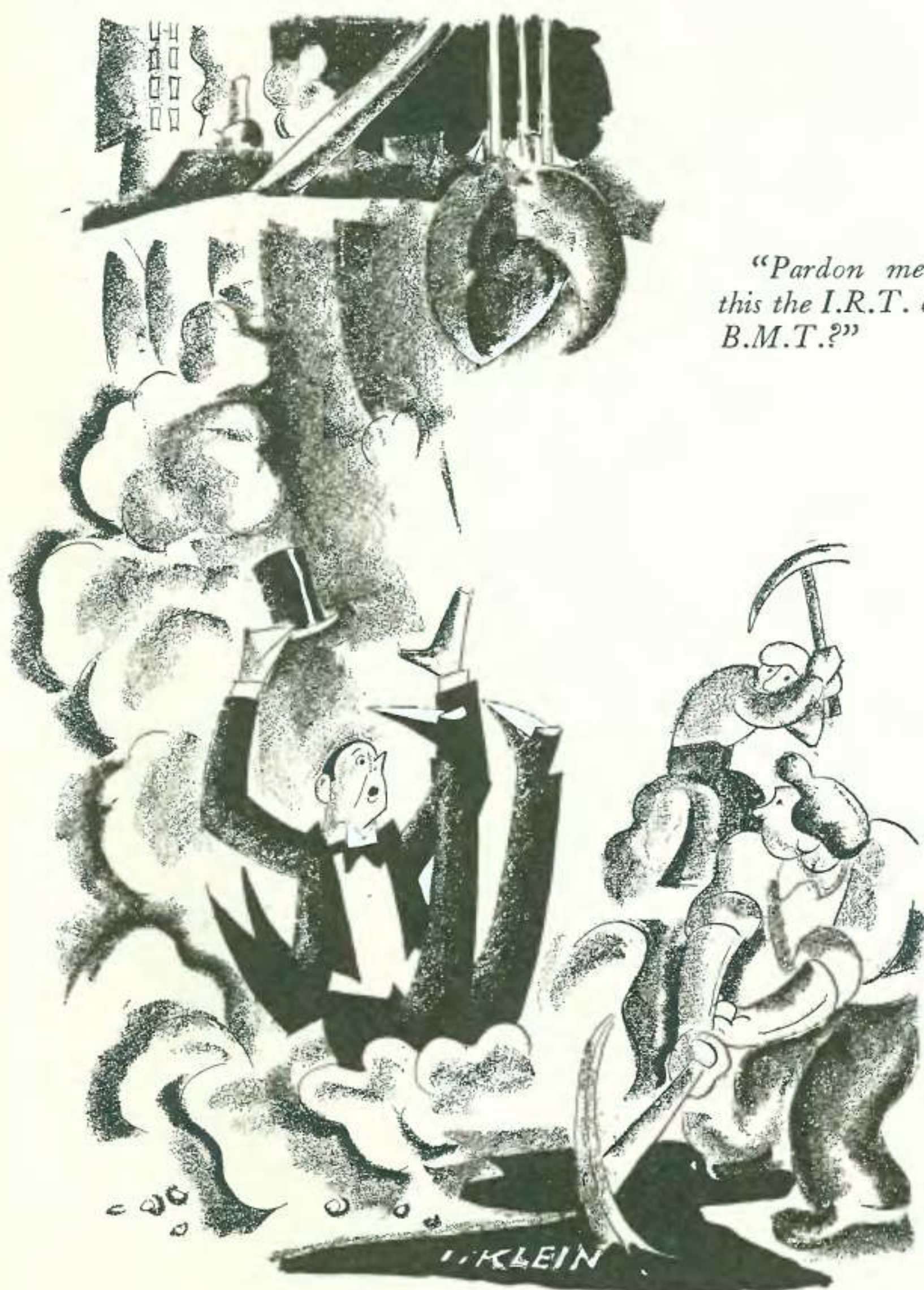
He is an addict and something of an expert in two games of skill and chance—golf and a mathematical building game called Numerica.

He talks fascinatingly, but with no soaring of the imagination, of the days that are gone, and keeps in very, very close touch with events in Wall Street that are likely to affect his holdings.

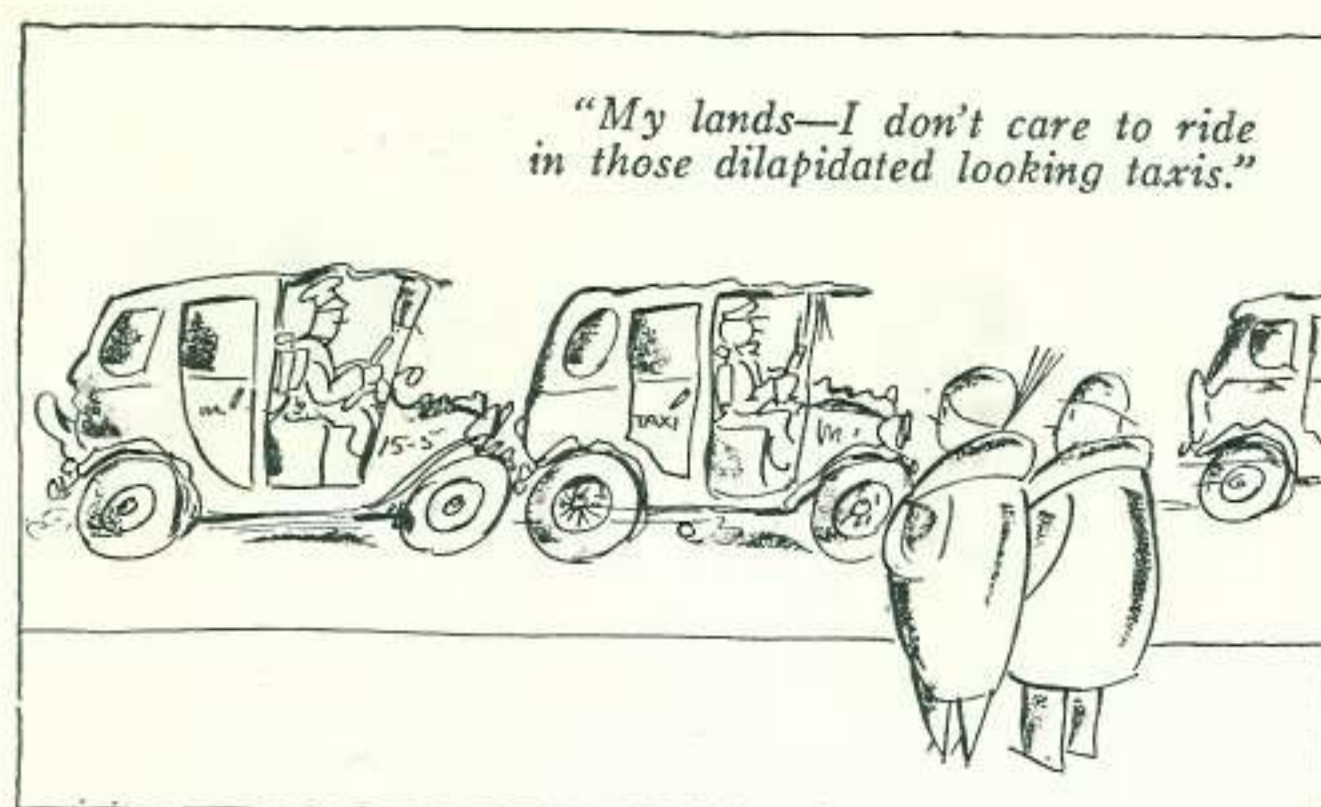
He is the "Grandfather Confessor" to his children and grandchildren and likes to have them around him.

He watches his health as you watch the counters on your thermometer in zero weather. But he has dispensed with a personal physician, and never displays the slightest outward concern about his physical condition.

LET'S describe a typical day in his life. The setting is his great 6,000 acre estate, Pocantico Hills. There are three other homes—in New York City, Lakewood, N. J., and Ormond Beach, Florida. But Mr. Rockefeller spends as much time in his peak-







roofed mansion overlooking the Hudson as he does in the other houses combined. The other homes are completely staffed and always awaiting their master, but Pocantico holds his deepest affection. There are many reasons for this. More about them later.

It is, then, 7 A.M. of a late fall morning at Pocantico. The master's suite is on the third floor. It faces northwest with a marvelous view of the Hudson. John, Mr. Rockefeller's valet, enters and softly draws back the curtains. John has served him for eight years. John's predecessor went away to the war and did not return.

Mr. Rockefeller is already stirring. He rises without effort and goes into his great bathroom with its weighing machine, needle showers and tub that is almost as large as a plunge. At 7:30 his morning ablutions are over and, with the valet's assistance, he dons a sack suit. John D. for years has been fussy about his wearing apparel. He owns as extensive a wardrobe as any society dandy and has very distinctive ideas about clothing and colors.

At eight, promptly, Mr. Rockefeller steps into the electric elevator and descends to the first floor. The dining room faces east and north, catching the morning sun, and looks out upon the Circular Garden, in the center of which is a rich marble fountain, patterned after one by Donatello, in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence. From the dining table, one catches a glimpse of this fountain through a lane of cypress trees.

**A**WAITING him in the hallway are Mrs. Fannie Evans, a cousin who took up the duties of housekeeper after the death of Mrs. Rockefeller in 1915. Also (probably) several house

at the table overlooking the Circular Garden (it is really stirrup-shaped) and says grace. The meal consumes an hour. The bent little man at the head of the table eats practically nothing but "samples" a tiny amount of everything. A drop of coffee, a spoonful of cereal, a forkful of egg, a bit of chop the size of a pea. He eats very slowly, seeming actually to



chew his liquids as well as solids. The total amount of food he consumes in one day would probably equal in bulk not more than two or three medium-sized sandwiches.

When the other diners have eaten all they wish, John D. motions to the butler. The latter leaves the room and in a moment a pleasant looking gentleman appears bearing three books. This is John D.'s secretary, Davis. The books are the Bible; a compendium of poems and prayers, containing an "uplift" message for each day; and a volume of the collected sermons of the Rev. Dr. Jowett.

Short selections are read from each of the three volumes. The reading is generally done by secretary Davis or a

guests. The guests, as a rule, are relatives, officials of the great Rockefeller charity organizations, or ministers. There is usually at least one divine in the house.

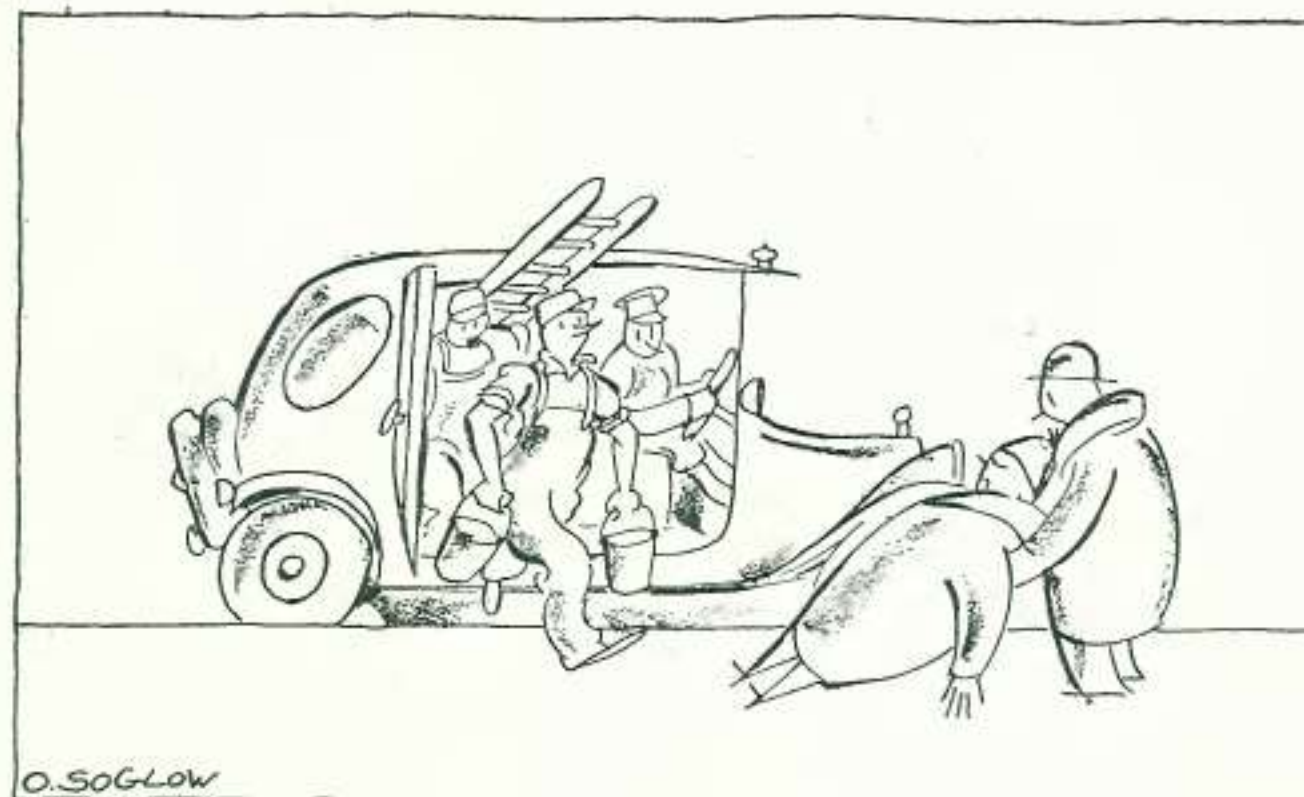
Mr. Rockefeller greets the company cheerfully and leads the way in to breakfast. He sits

guest. John D. focuses his entire attention upon these daily lessons and sometimes has a passage repeated. Then he retires to his study for the first of his five daily rest periods. These come after each meal and following golf and motoring. He has so schooled himself that he is able to will himself to sleep for five or ten minutes if he feels the need of such refreshment.

Then Mr. Rockefeller is ready for his morning paper. He reads or has read to him the *New York Times* in the morning, later the *New York Evening Post*. He follows world events in which he is interested with great care. But the papers really tell him very little. He himself could publish the most interesting newspaper in the world! And each day he'd have a flock of beats.

For while the papers are speculating upon the health of a great diplomat or the probable overthrow of a foreign government, he has already been informed of latest developments through direct wires leading from Pocantico Hills to Standard Oil offices and, indirectly, to the remote places of the earth. There are over a hundred telephones at Pocantico, forty of them private local, suburban and long distance lines.

Mr. Rockefeller does not use them much, but he is interested in market quotations and he likes to receive an advance digest of anything big that is going on in the world. He has never lost interest in finance. On the day I am describing he was very keenly interested in various deals of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Through representatives, he advised the transaction by which the New Jersey Standard cut its capital cost by retiring \$200,000,000 of preferred stock and floating a new issue of







*"—and now daddy says we must get rid of this perfectly stunning Batisse."*

*"Good gracious! Why?"*

*"Well, you know what watermelon does to him!"*

\$120,000,000 in debenture bonds.

His information about matters that interest him is invariably accurate. For instance, I have no doubt he knew several days before Queen Marie was called back to Roumania that such a summons was imminent because of the precarious condition of King Ferdinand's health. Why? Well, Roumania is an oil country and Standard's agents there are alert.

**A**N HOUR after breakfast, Mr. Rockefeller goes to his rooms and dons golf togs. He generally wears an old cap, with side flaps; one or two sweaters (depending upon the weather), rough, loose-fitting and with floppy collars; long trousers; dark

golf shoes. He always wears gloves.

At Pocantico Hills, he walks out of a basement door, through the Golf Garden (so called because it's next a lawn upon which he practices) and to the first tee. He plays either eight or ten holes at Pocantico because the eighth and tenth greens are nearer the house than the ninth; he plays nine holes at Lakewood; and only eight at Ormond, because there the eighth green is at the roadside and his car can more readily pick him up.

Physically, golf is the biggest thing in John D.'s life. He is not a star player but he is by no means a dub. He has made a study of the game, understands its principles perfectly, and comes as close to being a

golf bug as anyone. Over a stretch of several weeks this fall, he averaged forty-eight for nine holes. Don't let anybody tell you that's bad golf for a man of eighty-seven who weighs less than 100 pounds. The Rockefeller bag contains more clubs than that of the average golfer. He has two drivers and two brassies of different weights. The brassie is his favorite club. He uses it frequently when others counsel an iron. His principle is: "Always use the heavier club."

In his tee shots he develops medium trajectory. In approaching he knows how to run 'em up as well as pitch 'em on to the green. He always goes straight for the flag, as golfers say, not content merely to dribble on to the



green. He has a big, rake-like putter and sweeps the ball into the hole. I saw him take four putts once but he seldom requires more than two.

**H**IS GAME varies between forty-five and fifty-five for nine holes. He has gotten many "birdies" (one stroke under par) but no "eagles" (two under par) during his golfing career. He realizes his limitations, knows he can never hope to drive better than a good woman's ball, and never tries to press.

The prettiest attribute of his game is its direction. He loses not more than three balls a year. And he can tell exactly under what circumstances they were lost and whether the fault was his or his caddy's. A house guest at Pocantico phoned me recently and ruefully announced:

"I just played a round with Mr. Rockefeller. I am a total loss! He beat me seven up in ten holes. I drove six balls into the woods. He was right on a trolley wire all the way!"

John D.'s grip and stance are not perfect. He holds his right thumb straight down the shaft of his club. His left toe is a bit too near the line of flight. But he gets results.

His life-long habits of economy are evident even in his golf. He wastes no energy in a preliminary swing and refuses to waggle his club back and forth while addressing the ball. In fact he doesn't waggle at all. Just steps up and socks, for good or evil. Every two or three holes he pulls a piece of chalk out of his pocket and liberally smears the face of his driver.

"Helps to hold the ball," he explains. "Also it lets me know whether I am succeeding in hitting the ball where I want to—just below center."

His swing is a good, rounded, three-quarter affair, remarkable in a man of his age. When he connects fairly the pill is off on a 150-yard ride. His favorite ball is one noted for its resiliency, the Silver King. Like most golfers, John D. displays exultation when he has gotten off a good shot. When members of his foursome applaud him, he generally replies with a grin: "Oh, good enough for me."

**S**OMETIMES, when he soaks one square down the middle, he does a funny little half-Charleston, bending his left knee and shuffling to time. At such times he is likely to remark to any girl in the group: "You ought

to kiss my hand for that." He is very fond of playing golf with young women and is very approachable.

His steady golf pals are Mrs. Ira Warner, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and General Adelbert Ames. Mrs. Warner, widow of a sugar magnate, is his closest woman friend and a frequent guest at Pocantico and Ormond. General Ames lives at Ormond on the opposite bank of the Halifax River. The General is ninety and it's nip and tuck between John D. and himself. Ames likes to play eighteen holes a day and always twits Rockefeller when the latter quits on the eighth green.

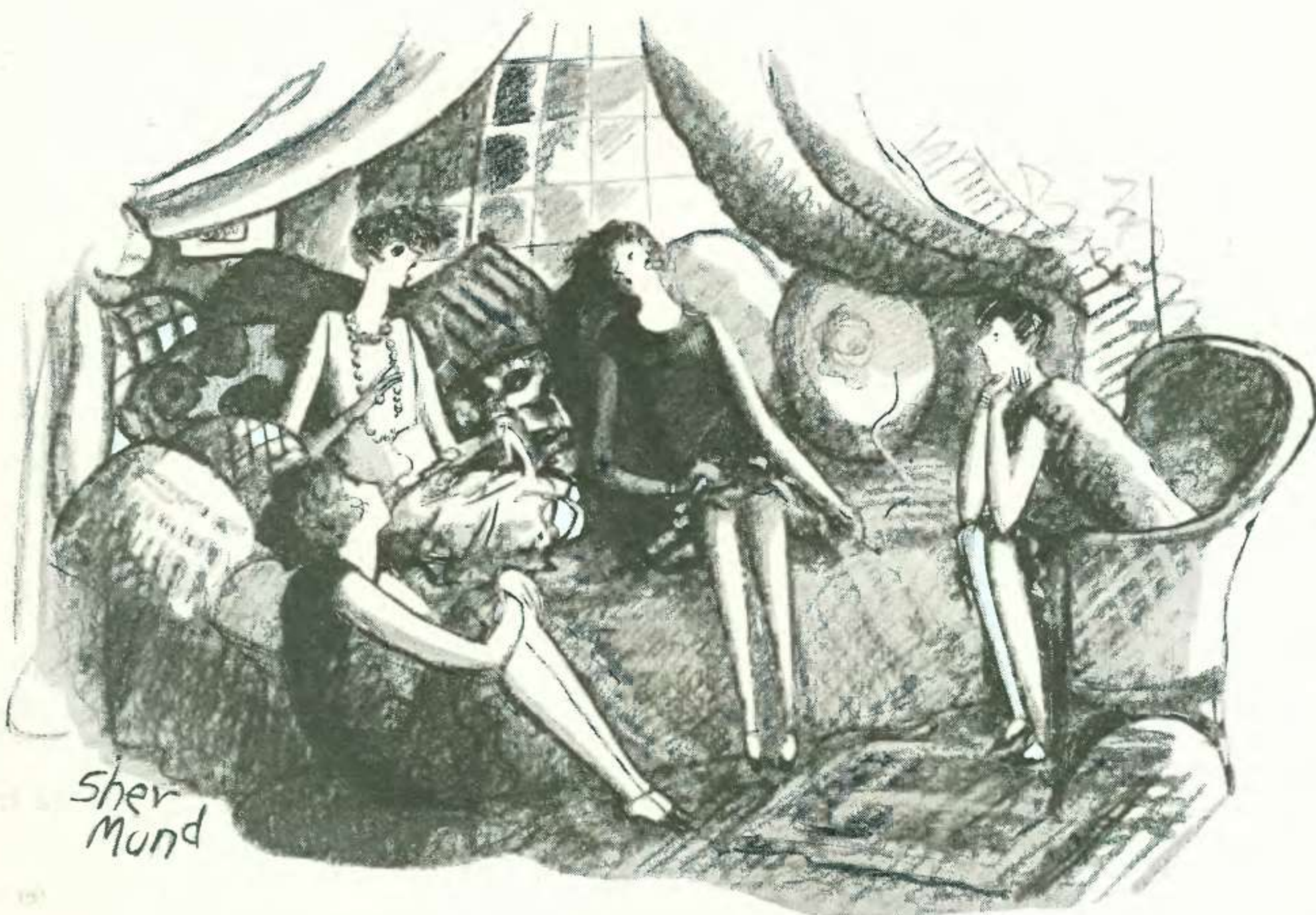
Last Spring at Ormond, Rockefeller's caddy was a bright little piccaninny named Harmon. One day the Oil King drew Harmon aside and said: "My boy, let me give you some advice. Don't buy anything you can do without. Save your money. Be punctual. Form good habits."

The little darky's eyes saucered.

"Yassah," he gulped, "yassah, ah certa'nly follows what yo' says, sah."

—JOHN K. WINKLER

(A second series of notes on Mr. Rockefeller will appear in next week's issue.)



"Well, believe me, girls, I always let a man think I'm dumb!"



# CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

[Letter from Miss Otilie Starr to a young man, who has signified his inability to support the necessary amenities of his life on her modest five thousand dollars a year.]

New York, January 1, 1927  
THE HON. CHRISTOPHER

LARQUESTONGUE,  
c/o THE RITZ BAR,  
PARIS, FRANCE.

MY DEAR KIT:

I, too, like emeralds and Hispanos; sable has always been vastly becoming to me. No one relishes good wine and good servants more, and I am partial to very hot baths in a tub one has to climb down into, with towels as big as tents and all the Ambre Antique in the world to caress me afterwards.

Then I want to buy a Vermeer and an El Greco, and my grandmother's picture by Whistler, which father sold twenty years ago, any Degas and Manet which remain to be bought; I want to commission Maniship to immortalize the throat which you so kindly were wont to admire, own a small house in Curzon Street and a large one in Hampshire with plenty of agreeable-looking animals, such as horses, forest ponies, sheep dogs, Sealyhams and Angora pussycats wandering about the place. My peace of mind and health enjoys, as much as yours, the benefits of the best cabin on the best boat at the best time of year, and a pretty little Paris flat to welcome the voyager on arrival.

I assure you that even America has its charms when one is standing on the gallery of an early Virginian homestead near Fairfax, a slightly shabby but charming house with slave quarters and box hedges, toasting in the late sunlight. Nor do those smallish villas around Frascati appear too *rococo* to my catholic eye; I think I might enjoy one for use at Easter time.

It has always been my ambition to hop aboard the Orient Express some night, with my maid tottering under fitted dressing cases, and arriving in Vienna, find the hotel room full of azaleas sent by a penniless Central European nobleman. And I mean to insist each time on the *terrasse* suite at the Villa d'Este on Como.

If the big car proves cumbersome, I could perhaps find use for a tiny dark

sapphire blue Renault town car.

When your delicate sensibilities turned against the Vyner's Cottage in South Kensington, and you finally realized how sordid a marriage might become on an insufficient *dot*, did it occur to you that Otilie also found the scullery and the early Gothic bathroom with that geezer and an oleo of the Bay of Naples quite as shuddering? But always the little lady to



*A house in Hampshire with plenty of agreeable-looking animals. . . .*

the end, I left these things unsaid until your letter arrived.

"'Nobody asked you, sir,' she said." The era of *crêpe de chine* and Chryslers is now over. On to handkerchief linen and Hispanos.

Two kisses on each of your very blue eyes, my dear,

Regretfully,

OTILIE

[Letter from Miss Otilie Starr to her fiancé.]

New York, January 1, 1927.  
JAMES KRESSWORTH, ESQUIRE,  
NATIONAL BANKERS TRUST,  
NEW YORK CITY.

JIMMIE DARLING,

What a lamb you are to me! and being such a lamb, would you mind

if I choose a square emerald instead of the diamonds, which make me feel a little like Mrs. Tiffany out for a walk with Mesdames Udall and Bal-lou? I'm afraid the emerald, though smaller, is just a *leetle* dearer, and I assure you that a garnet would mean as much from you.

Still, if you really *want* me to have the square emerald, of course, I would adore it. Cartier will show it to you.

Isn't the island off Canada just a bit ostentatious? One's own island and one's own yacht is so overpoweringly swell, I do think. Let's pretend we are just a funny little couple off to Europe for the first time. The *Aquitania* sails on the day after the wedding, I believe. The sitting rooms there are prettier than on any other ship, don't you agree?

What fun to run off together and lose ourselves in Europe!

Your own,

TILLIE (but you don't mind calling me OTILIE in public, do you?)

P.S. Don't forget to cable for rooms on the Vendôme side of the Paris Ritz.

—NANCY HOYT

## INVOCATION TO VARIOUS GODS

Oh, corners of stone,  
Flow like the heel  
Of a lazy river!  
Oh, girders that groan,

Hang from your star  
Like a whisper! Cling  
To the soundless alleys,  
Oh, rattling car!

Voices in the rush  
Of evening, harsh horns  
All day in the street,  
Sibilant mendicants—Oh, hush!

Oh, bronze-throated cry  
Of the mad towers,  
Softly, softly, with your singing  
tongues! . . .

My love goes by.

—LYNN RIGGS

FOR SALE: Allen and Abbott farm milk, on the market for over 30 years.—*Adv. in Hampshire Gazette.*

We believe the advertisers will have trouble in selling milk as old as this.





## A FOOTNOTE ON MATCH COVERS

THE ESTHETICS of paper match covers, fully treated in a recent special to this magazine, are no doubt significant. But it is only fair to say that M. Rigaud, the debonair visitor to these shores who first started match cover collecting, has announced that, esthetics aside, it is his theory that America expresses itself more completely in these covers than in any other manifestation. Consideration of the texts on the covers gives proof of this. The American soul, when it reaches the match cover, is to anticipate a favorite cover joke, striking.

The variations on that joke alone are enough to give the critical observer something to think about:

"A Little Light on a Good Motor Car."

"Jockey Scratches."

"Matchless Ice Cream."

"We Match Your Coat and Vest."

"Scratch me now—Not on Election Day."

"Burn Now or Hereafter."

"The Work of the Miller Barber Shop will Strike you as Matchless."

After a time, you are persuaded that you are using matches. If you are still skeptical, you may read this lyric from Camden, New Jersey:

"OUR EASY MATCH  
COVER SAVES THE DAY  
FOR STRONGEST STOGY"

Mighty indeed the cigar that will not yield to our little Igniters and chilled beyond hope the pale cigarette refusing to warm up to them."

There are other quips: "Go to Hale," "Advice to back seat drivers, Shut up; advice to all drivers, Insure your car," or a picture of a poker hand with, "the only thing we can't insure," or three great teeth rolling out of a dice-cup with, "Don't gamble with your teeth." A gas company suggests, "More Power to You," and a manufacturer of salt says, "When it rains, it *pours*." The jocosity is permanent.

Outside of New York, how do the provinces eat? In one far city, one

alone, a restaurant match cover bids for sophistication with "no orchestral din." The usual ones offer:

"More Coffee Yours for the Asking."

"Get your 'Hamburger' at the Empire Diner."

"A Square Meal and a Square Deal."

"Slide into Coffee Dan's—Food and Fun."

"Foods that Feed."

But, after all, New York alone has an "Asker Inn."

When you have eaten the foods that feed, you may be in a mood to canvass the virtues of "Stomjack," a preparation seemingly advertised only on match covers—the name tells the story. On the other hand, sometimes it is the fault of the teeth, and you can, in New York City also, have them "attended to in spare moments during business hours—good teeth, good health, business efficiency."

On the other hand there are the "Exclusivities" (if you will pardon the French and the French will pardon you) of Franklin Simon.

In general the match cover legends are irredeemably hick, whether they occur in New York City or Paul Smith's or Tulsa, Okla. They are contemporaneous with the corner

grocery signs we used to read twenty years ago: "In God We Trust, all Others Cash," "Trust is Dead," and the ineffable "No Trust No Bust"—except that match covers run more to friendliness in "Schnable Trusts You, Pay While You Wear," and sound the note of personality in "Meet Mr. Stultz" and "Izzy Trusts You." The "Largest Retailers of Men's and Boys' Pants in America" and the shoes which "Keep Good Feet Good" equally announce that they "retain your trade by deserving it" and "Service our Motto" is their motto.

A negro undertaker in Harlem has also issued a cover. It is white with a deep black border. It is terribly discreet. —BIRDSEYE, 2ND

## THE STRUGGLING REPORTER

Miss La Croix swiftly dropped into flippancy and mannerism, distorting phrases with spasmodic accentuation and twittering in the exfoliations of Schumann's floridity like an excited canary.—*New York Sun*.

"Don't!" The girl's voice was sharp, and she pronounced every "r."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

She was probably from Brooklyn and said "dern't."



"Pour le Sport"



## LOPSIDED

THEY are sad-eyed men who watch at the Battery, peering out at the Bay, expectant. They are thoughtful men who watch at building excavations, hanging to the rail, astute critics of all kinds of steam shoveling.

But justice, always a wanton, makes game of these old veterans of the rail. For when two major spectacles took place during recent weeks—the Governor's Island fire and the Broad Street crane disaster—it was a fresh army of rank amateurs who grabbed off the rail positions, elbowing the oldsters aside. It was a heart-breaking sight to see dapper young file clerks shutting off the view of a pensive habitué who had scarcely taken his eyes off the Bay for a year, confident that if only he watched long enough something would surely turn up—a phantom ship, a jet black sea gull, or a fire on Governor's Island.

Once in a while, however, one of the thoughtfuls comes into his own. There was the case recently of the Lawyers' Title and Trust Company suing the Foundation Company, celebrated local diggers. It was claimed that the Foundation Company, in excavating for a lower Broadway building, pulled away some of New York City from under the building next door, which made the latter structure lopsided. The plunger elevators were put out of whack, they claimed, and refused to plunge. The case ended in a mistrial, but one of the jurors quietly took the attorney for the defense aside and said he hoped that when it was tried again the Foundation Company would win because he had personally put in a lot of time watching the company on different jobs around town, and they always seemed to him to be very, very careful and exact with the shovel.—E. B. W.

## OF ALL THINGS

THE SECRETARY of State's explanation of the Central American mess reveals a grave state of affairs. His Excellency is in a highly nervous state, superinduced by red plots on the brain. We advise a complete rest for, and from, Kellogg.

One of our Washington spies re-

ports that the noise made by Nicaraguan intervention was so terrific that it woke up several Democrats.

The *New York American* glories in our President's firm policy in Mexico and points south. No matter how others may waver, Coolidge can always count on the loyal support of Hearst and Amherst.

A night club has been fined ten dollars for breaking the curfew law and the solution of the problem is now clear. All cabarets will automatically

pay a fine of ten dollars per night and charge it on the customers' checks as "law-breakage."

The people of Vermont are distressed because they have no unnamed mountain of decent size in the state that they can name "Mount Coolidge". They may yet have to make one out of a molehill.

Carter Glass in his series in the *Evening Post* defends Woodrow Wilson against slurs made by Colonel House. We stone-throwers will keep out of the Glass-House controversy.

All good fans will bow to the Landis decision exonerating the accused players of bribing, betting and sloughing. Anyone troubled with memory should take a good correspondence course in forgetting.

Swollen with local pride, we hail with joy the coffee-drinking contests now raging in the Middle West. New York's six-day bicycle race is no longer the absolute zero in entertainment.

Perhaps it is too early to judge, but 1927 may go down in history as the year we spent learning how John Erskine feels about everything.

Our latest gift to England is the hot dog, and now Paris is going to have a thirty-page daily paper, American style, all complete with streamer heads and comic strips. Give till it hurts, is our national motto.

Some scandal-monger told the beauticians in recent convention here that there are still four million unpowdered ladies in this country. This is a barefaced attack upon the modesty of American womanhood.

Cyrus E. Woods, appointed to the Interstate Commerce Commission, will probably be rejected by the Senate. As manager of the ill-fated Pepper campaign, Woods brought \$1,800,000 to the good Pennsylvania boys, but for some reason Senators do not believe in Santa Claus this winter. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



"Lordy, I'll bet the poor little thing's freezin'!"

"Whoops! Throw'er yer beads, sweetheart!"





### THAT MAKES \$4.32 FRANCE OWES US

A Large Installment on the International Debt Arrives

*The inexpressibly charming and gifted Yvonne Printemps and her husband, Sacha Guitry, actor of the first order and author of a vast number of brilliant plays and intelligent revues, have set up the Théâtre Édouard VII in our own Chanin's 46th Street Theatre for an all too brief season.*





AT THE Mansfield Theatre for a three weeks' engagement, much of which will have sped before these words appear, there is a production of Ibsen's "Ghosts" which has slight advantage over other performances of the same play in having a perfect *Mrs. Alving*.

I myself have never before seen *Mrs. Alving* played in the spirit of anything but the last cab horse, a final cab horse who has long known that fares are rare and steak is high. This *Mrs. Alving* has humor and wisdom. Her speech glitters with irony. She thoroughly enjoys disillusioning the plump-minded *Pastor Manders* as to her married life; she takes all the flubdub about the tiresome orphanage very sanely, only insisting that it purge her fortune of every cent of *Chamberlain Alving's* money. She is unbroken by life. There results the portrait of a lady one cannot see meeting the final wallop Fate has saved for her without sickening pity.

I have long been accustomed to think of "Ghosts" as a great play of a bygone moment which has aged into a pretty dull, compulsory play. The problem of hiding the disaster of a marriage from a curious world—which has been *Mrs. Alving's*—while still actual enough in life, has become old-fashioned on a stage which, with the privilege of articulacy, is more modern in its ethics than the lives of the great middle class. *Mrs. Alving* is, for instance, a bed-ridden great-grandmother to *Constance Middleton* of "The Constant Wife."

At the Mansfield, without the aid of having "Ghosts" done in the costume of the day when it was written, one is enabled to feel the modernity of *Mrs. Alving's* point of view in comparison to that of the people about her. One loves her gallantry in having achieved it. One knows that if *Constance Middleton* were to enter her drawing-room the two women would understand each

## DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

other. One also knows that this must have been the *Mrs. Alving* Ibsen meant, instead of all those tear-sodden others.

As a result, this "Ghosts" might well be a modern study of a woman of another generation were it not for one thing: the delicate omission of the explicit term for *Oswald Alving's* illness.

*Oswald* is well played by Theodore St. John, though it seems to me that he muted his last line beyond effectiveness. After all, the drooling "I want the sun" which heralds softening of the brain will bear just a suggestion of Robert Mantell.

"Ghosts" you must see if you can possibly squeeze into the Mansfield and you'd better telephone for tickets before you read further.

Oh, by the way, the *Mrs. Alving* is an actress named Minnie Maddern Fiske. . . .

AT CHANIN'S Forty-sixth Street Theatre, Sacha Guitry and his company, including Yvonne Printemps, are stopping "Mozart" occasionally to do M. Guitry's "L'Illusioniste"—in French, of course.

"L'Illusioniste" is a play about light love which makes an English or American play on the same theme seem as though it had been hacked out of wet tar by a dirty little boy with a tin shovel. "L'Illusioniste" concerns a vaudeville prestidigitator, and all the dexterity it requires to produce doves from silk hats and golden canes from the circumambient air have been employed in its delightful composition.

The story sounds impossibly tenuous.

A vaudeville magician makes a rendezvous with a girl of his own profession, then fails to keep it in order to spend the night with a spoiled beauty who has fallen in love with him

across the footlights, and in the morning regrets his choice.

It is a thread quite strong enough to hold together a glittering eveningful of the brilliancy and merriment of Sacha Guitry. If one speech in which M. Guitry wins the momentarily reluctant proud beauty by his description of his wandering life has ever been surpassed as a bravura performance in charm I have failed to see a convincing record of the occasion.

If your French ever got beyond "Où est mon chapeau?" go to the Guitrys, and if it didn't I should advise you to run down to the Berlitz school and see if you can't learn enough, by cramming, to enjoy the mental champagne they are serving so dazingly every night they are here.

THE NEW "Earl Carroll Vanities," at the Earl Carroll Theatre, contains a new, fragmentary "Charlot's Revue."

The general effect is that of finding a Sherry box containing merely two scorned chocolates and the bitten-off pistachio ends of several capricorns on the tufted satin *chaise longue* of a lady of easy virtue.

The Charlot sketches, while still better than most revue sketches, seem mild, forsaken, and a little frightened in the esthetic of an 1898 burlesque show in which Mr. Carroll has set them.

So do Herbert Mundin and a charming new Charlot girl named Jessie Mathews. Miss Mathews, though she is, as yet, neither Beatrice Lillie nor Gertrude Lawrence, is very lovely to look at, and gentle, and one doesn't feel quite right about her being there.

One is troubled by no such emotions regarding Moran and Mack, who are also on the bill administering to the Moran and Mack habit to which I become yearly more addicted. Julius Tannen is also funny in a way not



seriously imperilled by the robustious encroachments of tinsel-and-mirror settings.

"TOMMY," at the Gaiety Theatre, is an extremely pleasant comedy by Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson. It's about a girl who can't make up her mind to marry the boy she's in love with, because her parents are so beamingly eager that she shall.

Though it works that idea pretty hard it succeeds in being amusing and is blessedly unpretentious. I can place "Tommy" for you exactly, if elaborately, by saying that it is definitely pre-George Kelly, and slightly pseudo-Tarkington.

Peg Entwistle plays the girl who thinks *Tommy* perfect and doesn't know how irritated she is by the fact that no one will be kind enough to put up the least hint of opposition—and she plays her charmingly. Maidel Turner and Lloyd Neal provide her with amusing parents. I guess William Janney is all right in the part of *Tommy*; just a little cute, perhaps, but apparently that's the way adolescent heroes have to be played.

"THE ARABIAN NIGHTMARE," a fantastic farce by David Tearle and Dominick Colaizzi, at the Cort Theatre, is a calamitous bit of dullness; it satirizes, if so brisk a term can be applied to so flaccid a procedure, the feminine romanticization of the Orient springing from the sheik vogue. It is about as timely as a burlesque on "Smilin' Through" would be, and about as funny. In it Marion Coakley is unfortunate enough to have the rôle of that humorless and energetic young woman about whom so many farce plots have eddied.

I WAS about to set down that "Lace Petticoat," by Stewart St. Clair, at the Forrest Theatre, was the dullest musical show I had seen this season when I remembered "Naughty Riquette" and sundry other offerings. No, there are depths beyond which the plumb line of comparison will not reach. "Lace Petticoat" is submerged in them.

It concerns itself with the color problem, and who shall sing the rose mass for dear old *Père Modeste*. *Renita* has set her heart on doing so, then someone says she has a touch of

the tar brush; so she stands outside a transparent church and sings about her breaking heart while her rival gets away with vocal murder inside.

In the last act *Ole Mammy Dinah* says "Lawzy chile, co'se yo' ain' done be mah li'l gran' baby, co'se yo' ain'!" and it's all right. I knew it wasn't true, all along.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

## REAL ESTATE

When I was but a gangly lad  
And Winter froze the ponds,  
I used to build my little fire  
Beneath white hemlock fronds.

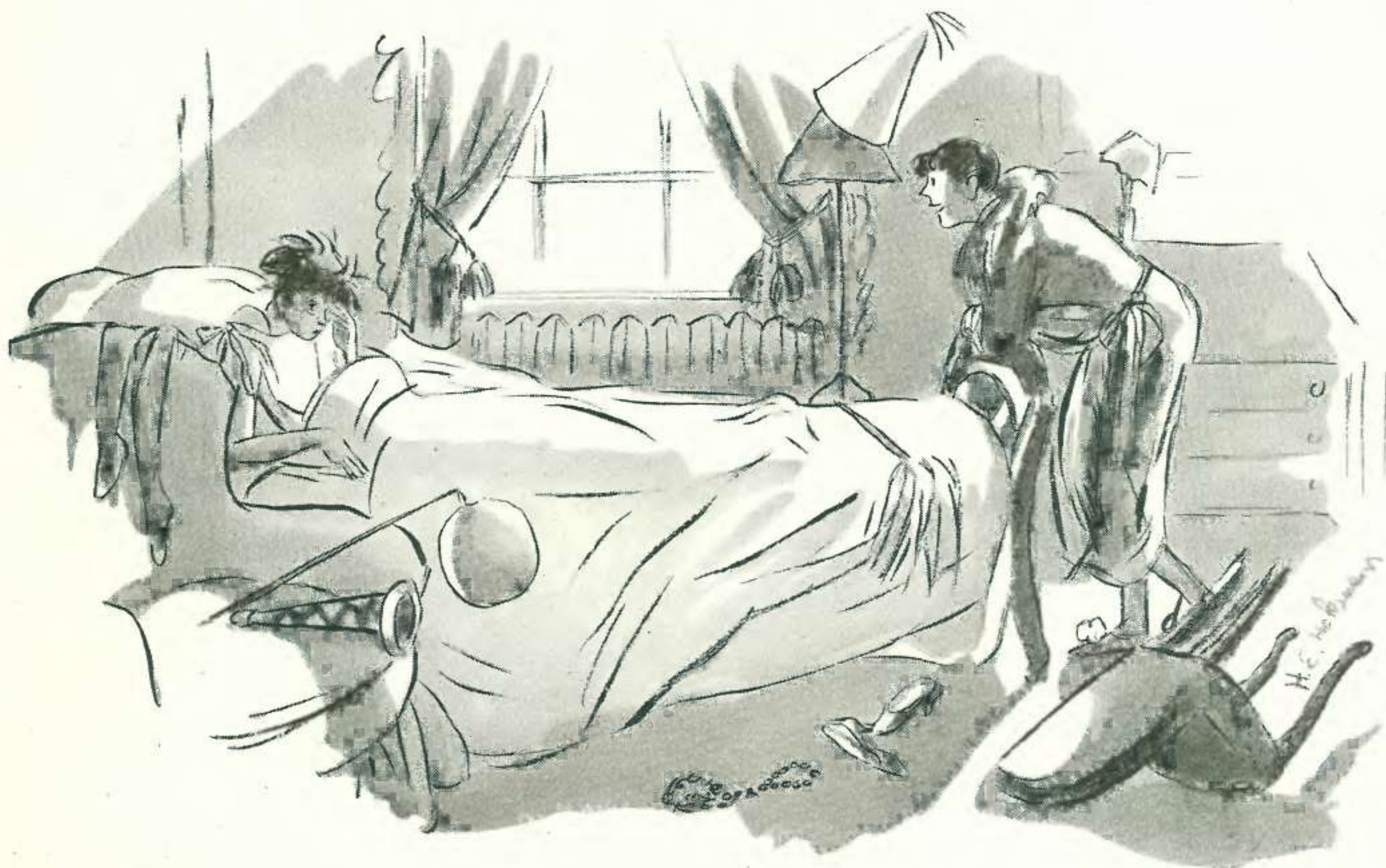
And off with mitts and on with  
skates

And wind them with a key,  
And other lads in stocking caps  
Would shout and skate with me.

But oh, yestrèen I sought a pond  
That once all to my heart meant,  
And where the pond had been there  
stood

A forty-room apartment.

—E. B. W.



"How was the party, Eloise?"

"Well—let me see—how was it?"





*Lastingly, elusively fragrant*



# LES POUDRES COTY

*To use COTY Face Powders day after day increases the beauty of the complexion — the soft pure powders protect the skin from wind and weather. And they give immediate loveliness — with their smooth texture — their delicate individual flesh tones for each type.*

CREATED IN THE TWENTY-ONE EXQUISITE COTY ODEURS IN NINE TRUE SHADES



## A REPORTER AT LARGE

WITH SOMEWHAT appropriate implications, the *World* has reduced its price to two cents and devoted itself passionately to the suppression of sundry little picture magazines specializing in photographs of nude girls. At the same time, the guardians of the public morals have broken out once again in all their purifying fervor, muttering anew their demands for government control of the stage. And thus the whole question of censorship is revived, with all its depressing difficulties.

The situation, so far as the newspapers are concerned, is almost entirely baffling to the onlooker who is so ingenuous as to expect intelligent reactions from his fellow men. For the newspapers, speaking of them in the large, have acquitted themselves in that dizzy fashion which betimes convinces us that we are living in Alice's preposterous land beyond the Looking Glass. Observe the paradox: The *World* battles valiantly against the suppression of a play called "The Captive," and is successful, only to come charging forth with a demand that the naked ladies be taken off the newsstands. The tabloid *News*, blithely printing its own pictures of naked, or at least, half-naked maidens, jousts bitterly against "The Captive," bellowing that the decencies require its immediate withdrawal.

Such a sprawling and directionless press can, in all sanity, only be dismissed as trivial—so far as any intelligent solution of this matter of censorship is concerned. That is to say, the final precipitation of the recurrent question of censorship will not be produced by the press, for it labors too much at cross-purposes, it bogs itself among too many contradictory viewpoints at whose bottom we may always be suspicious of finding the blightful worm of self-interest. I do not mean to suggest that the *World's* attitude was opportunist when it fought in behalf of "The Captive." For a long time, that newspaper has been committed to the opposition of censorship. But it seems preposterous, even though it may be true, that the *World* is sincere in its campaign against the magazines. It was such a ridiculous and purposeless thing to do—as if these publications could exert any conceivable influence upon the morals of the community. As for the *News*, well

CONCERNING  
CENSORSHIP

—it is difficult to take any of its editorials seriously, except for the reason that so many people read them. They put upon the life of the community a mark that is quite negligible.

MY WRITING, this morning, strides away with me. I intended, honestly enough, to advert flippantly in the direction of the *World's* magazine crusade and then pursue the matter of censorship in a more serious direction. And now I discover that the magazine crusade itself is the most serious manifestation of censorship that has come upon us lately. Within it are wrapped all the questions of censorship which are in the least important.

For this crusade makes explicit the two essentials of all censorship: the belief of English-speaking races that pictures and writings have a definite effect upon human morals and the conviction that somebody must take it upon himself to prevent this effect, in the event that it be ill. With this much demonstrable as true, then the attitude of the person opposed to censorship may be stated clearly, and I believe accurately: Pictures and writings have no definite effect upon human morals, which are constant; and even if they did have such an effect, there is nobody wise or important enough to set about correcting it.

At this moment, a passage from a

book by George Moore comes to mind, and it seems apposite: "... it would be well to attach ourselves closely to the folly of the Anglo-Saxon, that the moral conduct of his race is dependent on the last novel published . . . the Anglo-Saxon race cannot understand that man's sexual conduct has not varied during the centuries, and cannot vary."

That rather clearly suggests, I think, the nonsense that lies in the theory that books—and pictures and plays—vitaly affect human morals. But there is another consideration which makes censorship a distasteful thing. America is a race of individualists, people who shall be permitted to decide for themselves what they shall read, and wear, and eat—or, at least, this is the basis upon which our Supreme Court reads Constitutional Law.

There is no requirement upon a citizen of these shores that he witness a theatrical performance which he considers immoral, or read a magazine or look at pictures which he considers pornographic. If, on the other hand, there are taxpayers who enjoy attendance upon such artifices for the precise reason that they are immoral, that they are pornographic—then pray let us allow those taxpayers to go to the devil after their own lights. The very fact that they owe allegiance to a Constitution of individual rights gives them the option of doing it.

I can write for you, almost to the word, the argument that the gentle-



"Y'know, it always takes a bit of snow to make one feel it's winter."





"MY HAT IS OFF TO FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST! . . . I had been troubled with indigestion for years. I had a constant feeling of sluggishness; I had absolutely no 'pep.' For several months I had been noticing different advertisements recommending Fleischmann's Yeast for indigestion and constipation, and upon the advice of several friends I decided to add three cakes a day to my diet in an attempt to rid myself of my indigestion.

"In thirty days' time the results were astonishing. My indigestion had practically disappeared and I had completely lost all my old sluggishness. I can recommend Fleischmann's Yeast without the slightest reservation to anyone suffering from indigestion or constipation."

EDWARD C. MOORE, JR., Dallas, Tex.

## Nothing succeeds like *Health*



"SMOKE, GREASE, NO FRESH AIR—as a chef I have had to work under these conditions all my life. I finally became badly constipated, and one day my pastry cook said, 'You look sick. Why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?' Well, I began eating it, and it surely did me good. I no longer bother with pills. I have regained my appetite and lost my old grouch. I feel like a new man."

STEVE ANTICH, Denver, Colo.

"THE STUDY OF APPLIED ARTS was my hobby. The creating of hand-made fabrics, necessitating long hours of close application at my loom, finally brought about a general run down condition. I felt tired, listless. But today, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I have returned to my work with renewed energy."

FLORENCE ATEN IVES, 2nd, New York City

*Their ills banished, new life and energy achieved — through one simple fresh food . . .*

"**I**NDIGESTION for years. I had a constant feeling of sluggishness."—"Always worked inside—became badly constipated."—"I felt tired, run down, listless." . . .

Their troubles were discouraging. Continually they grew worse! Then—easily, naturally—they conquered their ills, found new health and greater ambition.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a fresh corrective food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake tone up the whole system, aid digestion, clear the skin, banish constipation. Unlike dangerous cathartics, yeast actually strengthens weak intestinal muscles.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal; on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk; or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation drink it in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Send for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Y-37, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system— aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.



## The Water Tower

*If AQUAZONE could have been known  
Before in history's story,  
More humble folks and genial soaks  
Might have been smeared with glory.*

Following the alleged baseball scandal concerning an alleged game of a decade ago which was alleged to be slightly crooked comes news of a Kentucky feud. It seems that Old Pop Clarkson claims that Alph Googins of the rival family gave a bum drink of corn whiskey back in 1868.



The Googins family resented the charge, and open warfare threatened. But some of the more humane of the Googins's took the very sensible attitude that shotgun warfare is out of date, and besides Old Pop Clarkson is eighty-nine years old and slowly but surely drinking himself to death.

✱ ✱ ✱

While most of us admire the sentiment embodied in the famous American folk song, "The Hardy Mountaineers," we must all realize that we are not so hardy. That's why Aquazone is enjoyed by so many New Yorkers. They know it is a substitute for mountaineer hardiness. Not only is it a helpful health drink when taken alone, but also an invaluable aid to citizens who follow the quaffing example set by the mountaineers.

✱ ✱ ✱

We doubt if any visitor at the recent Automobile Show considered the alcoholic capacity of cars. Alcohol is pretty freely used in these colder districts, but somehow one can't imagine an intoxicated Marmon. Boston has beaten us by anticipating this possible vice. In the Back Bay station is the following request: "Autos please sound horn before passing out."

✱ ✱ ✱

Many people adopt Aquazone merely because it is the thing to do. They notice it being served in the best hostelries, and they see or hear of conspicuous people drinking it. They don't entirely believe all the things we say here about Aquazone until they have tried it a few times.

✱ ✱ ✱

But again we maintain that Aquazone, the sparkling mineral water supercharged with oxygen, will do wonders for health and good spirits, not only at the time of drinking but on the morning after. Aquazone is sold at night clubs, hotels, grocers, druggists and

VANDERBILT 6434.

Advertisement

men of the *World* will submit in defense of their curious attitude: the defense of a play dealing with Lesbianism and the attack upon a handful of magazines that print pictures of naked girls. They will say: "You overlook entirely the fact that 'The Captive' treats its subject with dignity and restraint and belongs in the regions of artistry. It is serious, and in that respect, at least, it must be considered in the same category with the 'Song of Solomon' and the Greek tragedies. It is not, by any stretch of the imagination, bawdy or objectionable, suggestive or subservient of public morals. The picture magazines, on the contrary, cannot possibly be conceived as art. They are pornographic in the closest meaning of the word: they are flippant and brash, and their only appeal is to brute instincts."

To me, this argument seems the height of absurdity. The youth who would be moved to an unholy passion, contemplating the photographed epidermis of a Vanities girl, would be stirred to the same degree, precisely, if he strolled through the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum. I am even constrained to believe he would be stirred more deeply by the spectacle of, say, the sculptured "Bacchante"—for there the maiden figure appears in three dimensions and in a posture much more abandoned than the silly, mooning attitudes affected by the girls who pose for the assaulted magazines.

The basis for contention is simply this: Given a certain cast of mind, with inclinations toward yearnings which our civilization considers reprehensible, it makes not the slightest difference whether we confront it with classic Greek dancing or the hoocheekoochee, provided the minimum of drapery is employed in both cases. The mind in question will have exactly the same reactions to both spectacles. It seems silly to go about prohibiting this and that, hopeful that our weakling will see nothing whatever to stir his blood.

THIS WRITING begins, unfortunately, to appear as a defense of the sex magazines. It is not intended so, because they are altogether too unimportant either to defend or attack. It is inconceivable that they, or any other book, picture or play ever brought about the downfall of a single virtuous woman. And the upholding of womanly virtue is the chief enterprise in this marvelous republic. We have never gotten around to upholding

male virtue—at least, never before this present moment.

My intention has been to argue against the suppression of anything at all, for once that business has begun it cannot be stopped. The *World*, in fine, could not choose a better way of bringing about the suppression of such plays as "The Captive" than by crusading against what it is pleased to call lewd magazines. For the moral-improvement virus is a thing that spreads.

And the gentlemen of the *World* will find that it is not possible to stop the thing at the point they believe proper. They will find that with so many opinions in the universe, their own opinion as to the fitness of this or that work of art is overlooked—as it should be, for theirs is no better than the next man's.

THUS, the only intelligent attitude for the man who honestly believes that humanity is a constant, not to be swayed by the latest novel or picture, and who believes that every man has a right to hunt for perdition according to his own fashion, the only intelligent attitude for such a man is to oppose the censorship of anything: to believe that plays like "The Captive" are a part of the same universal drama that produced "Hamlet" and "Le Tartuffe," and will eventually find its place in that gallery—to believe that the nude-picture books proceed from the same eternal urge which produced Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress," and will eventually fall in the proper relation thereto.

I have been driven, literally, to make this harangue. For within the week just past I have heard two most depressing confessions: One of New York's foremost editors and the most important dramatic critic in the country—both of them men who have stood publicly against censorship, admitted in private discourse that they were beginning to backslide, that they were beginning to believe in censorship.

Let us pray that these men may recover quickly and that the lamentable mellowness that comes with age will not fall upon them for a few years yet.

—MORRIS MARKEY

Men's Neckties. Pure silk ties, bought to sell at 75 cents. Now only \$1. Al's Clothes Shop.—Adv. in Meadville (Pa.) Tribune-Republican.



# The same delicious magic you loved in costly French Soaps

From France comes the  
gift of a SMOOTH SKIN

**Y**OU longed for the luxury of fine French soap—for the satin-smooth skin that is the Parisienne's loveliness!

But imported soaps were so horribly costly! You just couldn't use them except as a treat.

So you wrote us—literally thousands of you—"Oh do make us a soap for personal use as exquisite as French soap but oh, not so expensive. A soap to caress our skin, luxurious, charming."

And we made Lux Toilet Soap. Made it quite differently from the white soaps you are used to.

Made it by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps. For centuries the whole world has looked to France for fine toilet soaps. For France knew that all her incompara-



*It tends your skin the true French way*



*Rose leaf skin loves it too*

*Yesterday 50c for a French  
toilet soap. Today the same  
luxury for 10c*



ble cosmetics are little use unless the skin itself is smooth, exquisite.

Your white fingers, pink-tipped, delighted, recognize Lux Toilet Soap instantly as true *savon de toilette*, made the famous French way.

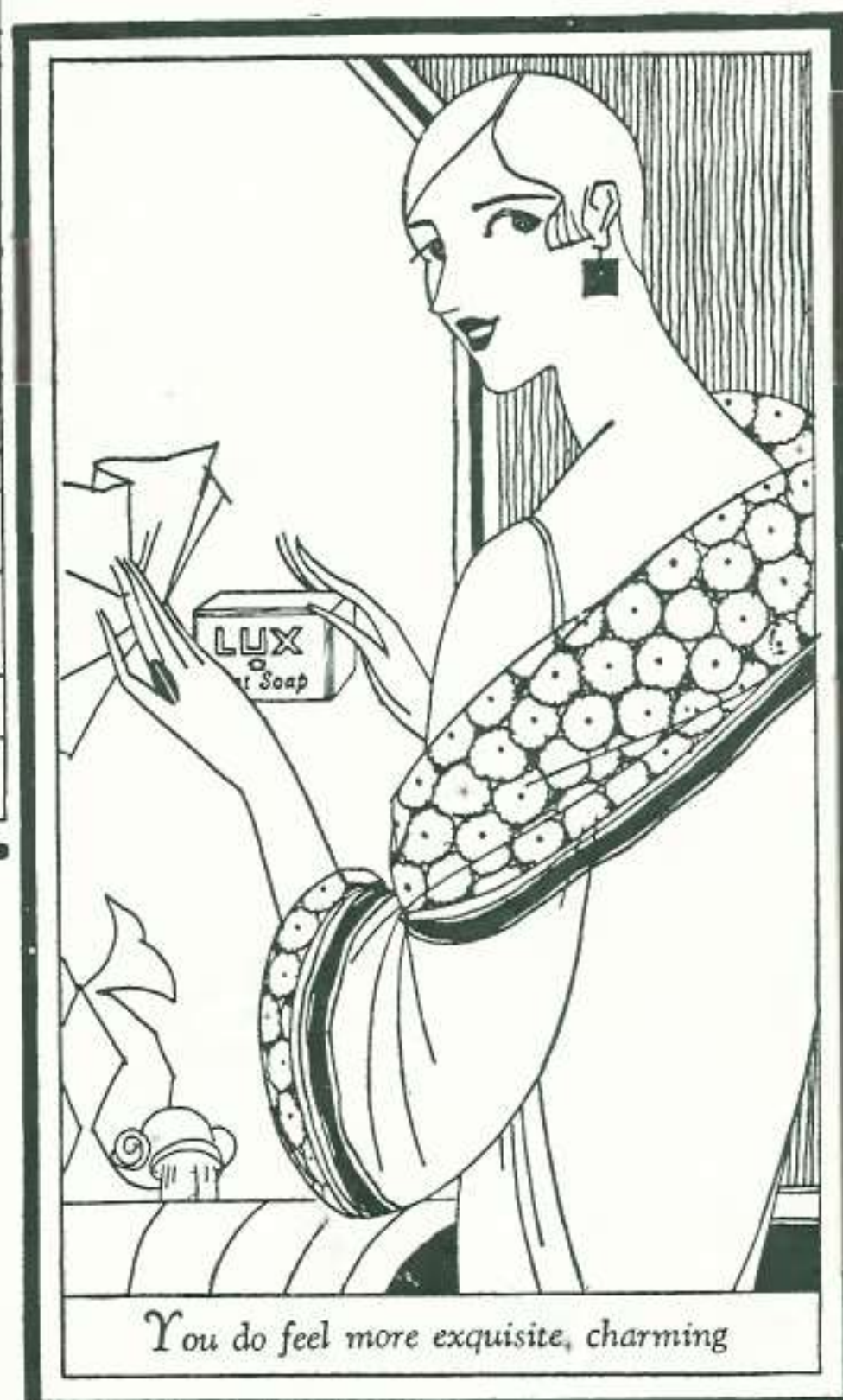
**F**IRM, fine textured, satiny, Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way. Its caressing, instant lather gives you that same luxurious, cared-for feeling you adored after costly imported soap. Its evasive fragrance, like the *Bois in Springtime*! You do feel more exquisite, lovelier—more gaily ready to captivate the world.

France with her passion for perfection—America with her genius for achievement. Lux Toilet Soap, *savon de toilette*, is just ten cents!

For face, hands and bath and you know you are not extravagant! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.



*Instant lather even where water is hard*



*You do feel more exquisite, charming*

LUX TOILET SOAP . . . 10¢





## THE MOTOR BOAT SHOW

**L**ANDLUBBERS who think that "eight bells" has something to do with Mr. Rockefeller's new carillon will be surprised at the ease with which seamanship may be acquired if they drift into the Motor Boat Show which is currently docked at the Grand Central Palace.

Not even a tendency to *mal de mer* need keep one from looking at these displays with a view to ownership, for the Hudson, the Sound, and the bays of Long Island afford plenty of placid waters for the less adventurous.

One may begin by developing a good pair of sea legs at this show, which is primarily a walk-up. One climbs the stair to the deck of a big fellow, then down into the cabin—up, out, down again, and forward to the next exhibit, a sort of follow-the-leader affair.

**R**ACING boats are presented with a good bit of a flourish. Gar Wood, of course, has a line of fast craft on view. George Townsend's *Greenwich Folly*, which will defend the Gold Cup at the Indian Harbor event next summer, is also here.

Races will always be in vogue, not only for the sporting appeal, but because they offer such a satisfactory opportunity for displaying smart frocks, or flannels, as the sex may be. Accordingly, Abercrombie & Fitch are present at this exhibit, ready to supply devastating costumes for the simple sailor lass.

As in Mr. Ames' entertainment over at the Plymouth, here are craft for either pilot or pirate. Motor-

*Getting Good Sea Legs  
—Only a Simple Sailor  
Lass—All Sorts of Ships*

boating remains as yet pleasantly away from the fender-to-fender jostling of the Merrick Road. Possession of a Redwing Thorobred, or a custom-built Consolidated, marks one as belonging to that discriminating coterie which can discover its own amusements, apart from the throng. In fact, there is a clannishness about owners of motor boats which is by no means limited to those who purchase highly expensive ships. This fraternity rather jealously keeps silent on the fact that docking and anchorage may be had for around \$20 per month at Duffy's, foot of West Eighty-first Street; that winter dry-dock and spring launching range from \$80 to \$150 at Ruddick's, in Greenwich.

**T**HE FEWER there are who know that the garaging of a boat, and the upkeep, total no more than that of an average automobile, the longer will the metropolitan waterways be the special province of one's self and one's friends.

The boat show this year, however, makes it quite plain that the limitation of water sport circles in the future will not be on the basis of purse, though it may be possible to preserve the amusement primarily for those of good taste. One no longer needs to pay a stiff tariff to be sure of getting a boat that will go. Marine engines today are as dependable as the appear-

ance of Jimmy Walker at certain late supper-clubs.

Even the chug-chug school of motor craft, such as the Evinrude and Johnson outboards, perform their revolutions per minute with all the regularity of a Boy Scout. These are highly recommended as taxi-boats from dock to ship, or for gadding about *à deux* in suburban waters.

**T**HOSE who are not averse to creature comforts will, of course, want something more aloof than a powered rowboat, and here is where the 1927 show foretells the future. For the price of a Packard one may purchase a water-vehicle both practical and swanky.

The Chris-Craft runabouts, for instance, make the transition from highway to waterway a simple matter. The front of the boat is in many ways a replica of an automobile—windshield, tilted steering-wheel, instrument board, and seating arrangement like that of a coach-model. There is also a large rumble seat in back. These things all have sea-going names such as cockpit, after-cockpit, and all that. A full supply of nautical terms may be obtained from any manufacturer without charge.

The Richardson Boat Company offers the Cruiseabout, an affair for long distance touring with roofed cabin and sleeping quarters at \$2,885. This ship is designed for leisurely travel. There are many boats at the show where speed is an object. There is the line of Dodge Watercars from \$2,740 to \$3,740. Any connection

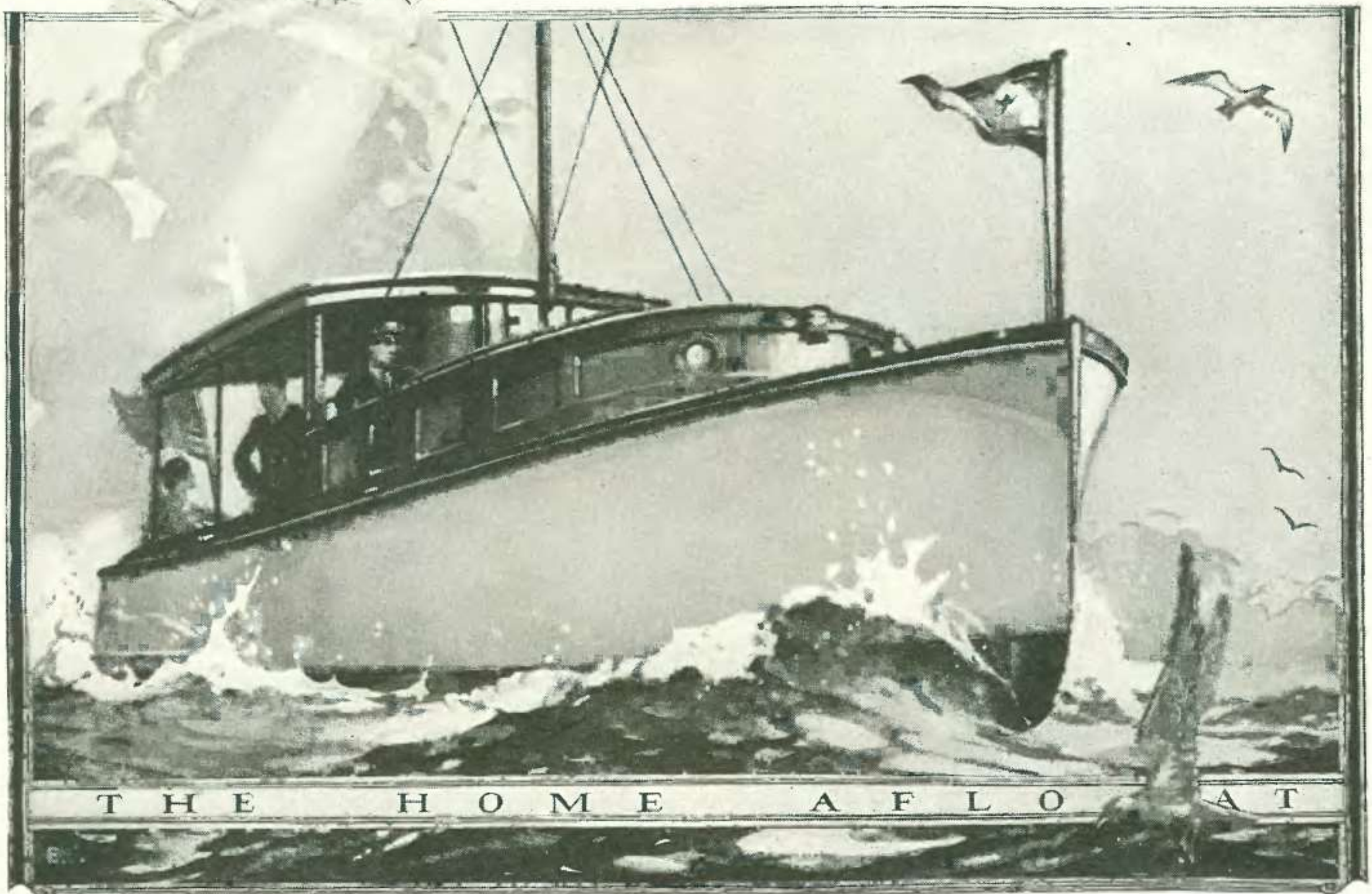


## No wonder everyone is an old salt at heart!

YOU'LL like motor cruising right from the start... nearly everybody does. But you can't appreciate its thrills, or the pleasure it can bring, until you have seen *your* boat plough through blue-green waters and have felt on your cheek the caress of salt sea breezes.

You feel and act like a different person the moment you board an Elco Cruiser. Your heart beats a little faster... there's a new light in your eye. Forgotten are your cares and business worries as you start dreaming of sunshiny days afloat, and nights of wondrous beauty.

Who wants to grow old and staid and unadventurous? Start planning now for a glorious summer afloat. Write for Elco Pamphlet NY, which describes in detail the latest models of standardized cruisers.



You are cordially invited to inspect the exhibit of ELCO STANDARDIZED CRUISERS at the Motor Boat Show, New York, Grand Central Palace, January 21 to 29.

[This exhibition, the largest ever held with 100 boats on display, will give you an excellent opportunity to study relative motor boat values.]

# Elco

## STANDARDIZED CRUISERS

Built since 1892

Distributors at  
Tampa, Miami, Los Angeles

THE ELCO WORKS  
Address—Port Elco—247 Park Avenue, New York City  
Sales Office and Permanent Motor Boat Exhibit

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## A Revelation in Value and Performance

CHRIS-CRAFT are designed and built by the same experienced men who produced a long succession of Gold Cup Champions and many other racing boats that still retain records for speed and endurance. The Chris-Craft all mahogany runabout embodies the stamina, the exceptional lines, the superlative speeds of its famous predecessors. More—it includes generous comforts, consistent performance, keen responsiveness and unmistakable value. Speeds from 25 to 40 miles per hour are available, depending on the model selected.

Three Models on Exhibit at the Motor Boat Show  
 \$2250                                      \$3500                                      \$4000

**Chris Smith and Sons Boat Co.**

Main Office and Factory, Algonac, Michigan  
 New York Showrooms and National Sales Offices  
 393 Seventh Avenue, opp. Penn Station

**TWENTY SECOND ANNUAL NATIONAL**

**MOTOR  
BOAT  
SHOW**

**GRAND CENTRAL PALACE  
NEW YORK**

**JAN. 21-JAN. 29, 1927**

**100  
BOATS  
EXHIBITED**

with the Dodge car? By descent only. Horace E. Dodge is of the second generation of the automobile family, but his boatworks has no corporate kinship with any motor plant.

Other products for those who do not care to see the spray of the man ahead are the Sea Sled, the Banfield Sailfish, and the Hackercraft line. Of course, to obtain a ship of very high speed type one must go through a certain amount of mumbo-jumbo, the most important item of which is to cross the salesman's palm with several bags of gold. This is also a useful metal in procuring the larger types of cruisers.

**P**OWER yachts were once popular as abodes for the Loreleis who had done rather well, but since the clandestine technique has gone out, the more ample ship of the present day is designed for family use. The Elco 56-footer, for example, is a residence on the keel. Yes, and it has that virtue regarded as cardinal by our snooty halves—plenty of closet room. Persons who feel that their souls are more attuned to Waikiki than to Wall Street had better not look at this boat.

The sunlight-white saloon with its rafted-roof and upholstered seats; the shipshape staterooms with built-in bureaus. . . . Of course, if you have self-control. . . . You can afford it, if you feel able to keep a Rolls-Royce. The tax is about the same.

**T**HE BOAST of the show that it has one hundred different craft on view will sound a note of alarm to those who have taken to the waterways as a private playground away from the madding motorists. Too many keels will not be pleasant—but, after all, objection to a place or sport because it has become crowded is perhaps not too fitting a criticism from anyone who elects to live in the Metropolis.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

### THE POWER OF THE PRESS

Owing to the breakdown of our linotype machine, the local births, deaths and marriages will be postponed until next week.—*Alta Falls Gazette*.

Dr. L— has been suspended from his pastorate pending trial on a charge of immortality.—*Clarksville (Tenn.) paper*.

Evidently the modernists are getting the upper hand in Tennessee, after all.





"FLEETWING", built by Greenport Basin Construction Co. Equipped with Model 252 Continental-Van Blerck Motor, 3 3/4" bore, 5" stroke, with 3 to 1 reduction gears. This handsome boat is on display at the Motor Boat Show.

## UNFAILING SATISFACTION for MARINE SERVICE

The boat builder who would establish and maintain a high reputation for his product must consider the power plant first. Lines are important, seaworthiness essential, but, after all, satisfactory operation rests largely upon the efficiency of the engine. Nothing in the boat is of as great importance as the power plant.

Continental-Van Blerck Marine Motors afford that high type of service so essential to the builder's reputation and the user's enjoyment. Their performance is the result of Continental-Van Blerck experience in the design and manufacture of marine engines. Years of outstanding achievements in internal combustion engineering are reflected in the products.

It is because of this experience by specialists in internal combustion power that Continental-Van Blerck Motors give the user the quiet, sturdy, dependable power so essential to motor boat enjoyment today.

See our display at the Motor Boat Show.

**JOSEPH VAN BLERCK, INC.**

Factory: Plainfield, N. J.

Sales Office: 461 Eighth Avenue, New York City  
Largest Exclusive Marine Motor Specialists in the World

### Model 250—6 Cylinder

Bore 2 3/4"  
Stroke 4 3/4"

Displacement 169.28 cu. in.

### Model 251—6 Cylinder

Bore 3 1/8"  
Stroke 4 1/4"

Displacement 195 cu. in.

### Model 271—6 Cylinder

Bore 3 1/4"  
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Displacement 230.21 cu. in.

### Model 252—6 Cylinder

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Quiet • Sturdy  
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# Continental-VAN BLERCK





## More "Confessions"

Dowager Dufreese (sipping): These Martini & Rossi Vermouth concoctions are such a relief from cloyingly sweet potions.

Lady Queensberry: As they say in Gerald's set, the snap of it is like a wallop with a velvet cushion.

\* \* \*

So granddame and sportswoman, clubman and chef convey succinctly their inbred taste for the dry, ultra-refined tang of Martini & Rossi (non-alcoholic) Vermouth.

And Jeems or Jeeves knows when it should be the dry Italian or the extra dry French. Still more confessions are to follow right here. . . .

### "The Confessions of a Good Mixer"

Send for Your Copy

Tad Crane is reputed to have written these revelations while languishing on an Italian liner, but apparently, with

Vermouth as his subject, he could not forget his dear France.

The elect throughout this continent are reading Tad's liquid confessions.

Write a postcard for "The Confessions of a Good Mixer," to the importers, W. A. Taylor & Company, 94 Pine Street, New York City.



**Martini & Rossi**  
(non-alcoholic)  
**Vermouth**

Sold by the Better Grocery and Delicatessen  
Stores everywhere

## OPERA BOX

[IN WHICH NOTHING HAPPENS]

IT WAS a Thursday at the Opera. The curtain had just gone down on *Faust's* laboratory. Lost in the vast central heaven of the auditorium, eyes began to scan the boxes. Couples, ambling slowly up the aisles, insolently stared at couples who arrogantly remained in their seats.

Strawberry Smithton, in one of the first tier boxes, was attracting attention because of her scandalous divorce proceedings that had got into the papers only the day before. Several opera glasses were trained in her direction leisurely.

She was alone in her box. Her alabaster shoulder blades were as completely exposed as the blades of a pair of carving knives on a damask-covered table and the straps of her gown were golden ribbons of lace supporting a low basket of yellow silk from which she emerged like a bouquet.

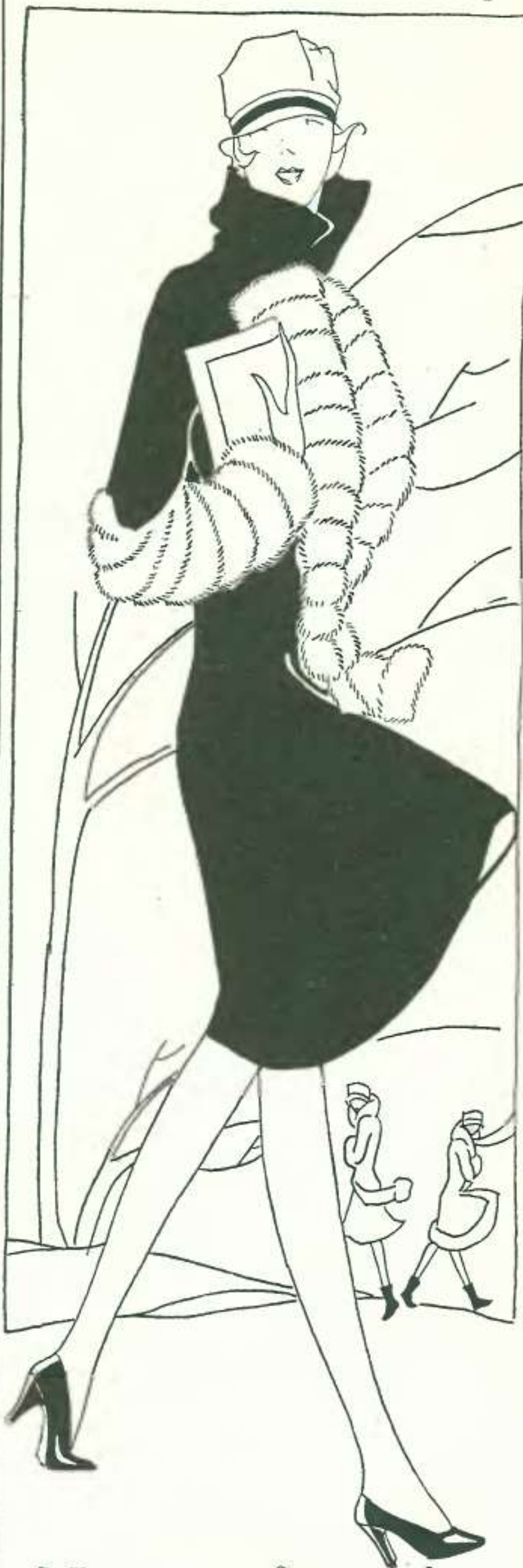
"Isn't she brazen?" remarked Mrs. Arthur Chasbrook from across the abyss. General Mortimer Pew, deserting his wife with decision, rushed out into the corridor hoping Mrs. Smithton would be in the promenade. He straightened his tie and dusted his bald head with a scented kerchief.

Mrs. Andrews Cort Van Damm, in the adjoining box, gave one jealous look at Strawberry and only half hid her feigned Gargantuan yawn behind a black Spanish fan, much to the annoyance of Madame Erstwhile, in the rear of the box, who had the Tannenbaum girls under her wing, training them in the elegancies of society. The elder McSweenys sat ponderously and unspeaking like Buddhas in their box on the opposite side of Strawberry. In other words her setting was perfect. No distracting celebrity was near.

THE Smithton gossip filled the halls and corridors. "What, you hadn't heard *that*?" said Miss Elizabeth Tudor. "I'll tell you all about it after the next act," and, torn between her interest in the drama on the stage and in the box above, she scurried to her seat. Flaming shawls and gowns alongside funereal masculine outfits moved slowly down the aisles and into boxes as the curtain ascended on the next act.

Students in the wine shop were singing the second chorus when Jasper Palwater appeared in Strawberry's box and a twitter of comment swept the dress circle. He was followed by

"—because you love nice things"



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JUST suppose HE should see you for the first time on a day when Winter had bullied you into the bungling awkwardness of wool underhose or double-thick stockings!

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*Silk Stockings*

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Edward Gaspin and Oliver Hodgins.

"It's raining outside," he said to her during a noisy passage of the music. In the rear of their box Edward and Oliver discussed the day in the market. The McSweenys still remained silent, but Mrs. McSweeney sneezed once with a little moan. Becoming restive before the end of the act, the Tannenbaum girls began rustling their programs and wriggling in their seats. Pregnant looks from their chaperon were unavailing, but when Strawberry turned calmly and surveyed them with cold calf-eyes they were cowed into silence.

The curtain fell on the gay dance and again the halls were crowded. Strawberry ambled out into the corridor with young Palwater, Gaspin and Oliver following them. Mr. and Mrs. Chasbrook met them and stopped to inquire whether Strawberry was intending to exhibit her Dalmatian laphound at the winter show. Strawberry thought she might.

In the lobby, bursting with light and color, General Pew was talking about the Federal air force in a loud voice, but became so agitated as Strawberry approached that he began to stutter and turned red. The bell, warning the smokers of the close of the intermission, brought a curse to Jasper's lips. He had managed only the half of a Between the Acts cigar. Strawberry said something about a public display of vulgar emotions.

THERE was a hurrying flutter not to miss a scene, and *Marguerite* in the garden (the famous Madame Holstein-Schnitzel in the rôle) was singing as she spun. When she had finished, Strawberry said to Jasper: "Are you sure they'll keep our table at the Mirador tonight unless you phone? You know what happened last time."

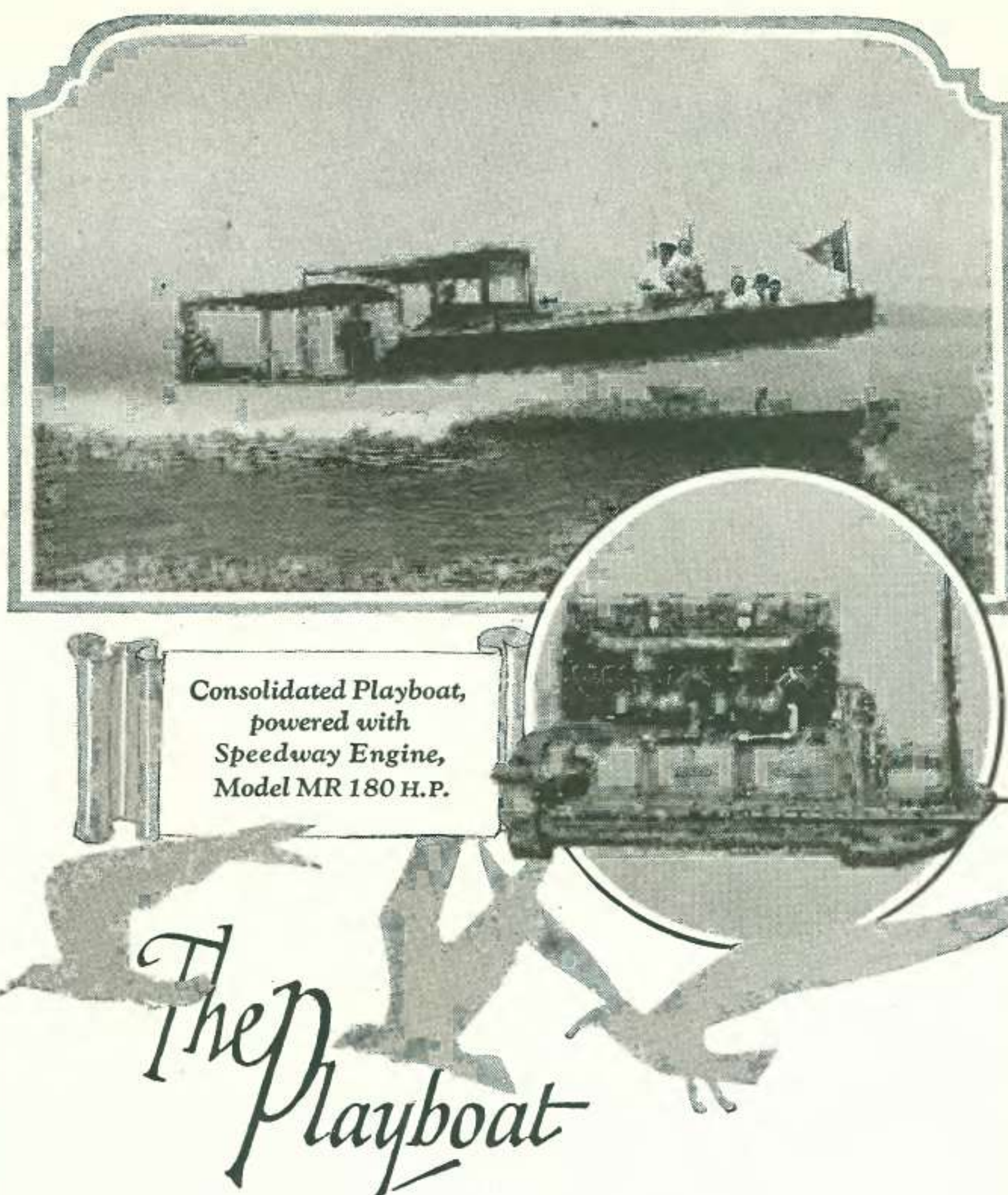
"If Strawberry exhibits her lapdog," Mrs. Chasbrook was saying, "I'll have to show Bellerophon." Mrs. Van Damm yawned again.

Conversation continued here and there. Occasionally a syllable obtruded into the consciousness of those who were listening to the music. *Marguerite*, before a mirror, draped with necklaces and hung with earrings, sang the jewel air; and Jasper said to Strawberry: "By the way, why didn't you wear your emeralds tonight?"

"I'm bored with them; I'm giving them to Julia," she replied loftily.

"After all," he protested, "just because you're getting a divorce . . ."

Gaspin and Hodgins were suddenly



SCENE: Yacht Club Piazza. Playboat passing, as illustrated above, attracts the attention of members and their guests.

"CLASSY-LOOKING CRAFT," observed Raymond to his friend Winters, indicating a passing boat.

"I'll say it is," answered Winters, and practical, too. That's the Consolidated Playboat—a cabin boat combining the speed of a Runabout with the comfort of a small cruiser."

"Isn't that the type of boat Adams uses for his Florida fishing?" asked Raymond.

"That's the boat, and Adams is only one of the sportsmen who own Playboats. Many of these chaps also own large yachts, but they use the Playboat for fishing and cruising in various waters all along the Atlantic Coast from Bar Harbor to Key West."

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"A 180 H. P. Speedway Engine," answered Winters, "and if you know anything about engines that'll satisfy you. For aside from its dependability, the Speedway is simplicity itself. Any man who drives his own car can easily operate the Playboat. As for speed you can get from 23 to 24 miles out of her, without any annoying vibration."

"You talk like a salesman for the Consolidated" said Raymond.

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joined, in the rear of Strawberry's box, by a boyishly bobbed young sylph in a green umbrella-cover who whispered to them in a rasping whisky treble. After a hurried word with Strawberry, the three left the box, hurried down the corridor, consulted an usher and eventually went through the stage door behind the scenes.

BACK in the box, Strawberry said to Jasper: "Don't kiss me here, you fool," and Mrs. Van Damm nudged Madame Erstwhile and handed over her opera glasses as she blew her nose with an *écru* handkerchief.

By the time the last act had begun, Edward and the green sylph had reappeared without Oliver, and Strawberry said: "Is it still raining?"

*Marguerite*, kneeling in the church, was displaying an unbelievable profile of stomach. Her false hair shuddered as her head fell forward and the organ and chorus burst forth in the death song. But Strawberry's only comment was: "I think I can actually hear the rain on the roof, or is that only the violins?"

On the stage, *Mephistopheles* was singing and the drums of the orchestra facetiously pounded out a galop. "I have a headache," said Mrs. McSweeny, and rose with decision, giving Strawberry a disdainful look over the adjoining partition. "My dear, it's almost over," said Mr. McSweeny. "I don't care, I have a headache," she replied. "And besides, we'll get in that awful crowd if we wait."

*Marguerite* (*nommée* Madame Holstein-Schnitzel) was calling the angels and her voice rose in clear, metallic coloratura bravado into the scenery. Strawberry made an imperious gesture and Jasper drew a Russian sable cloak about her alabaster shoulder blades as she remarked: "If it's still raining, I'm going home and go to bed."

Mrs. Andrews Cort Van Damm, who had fallen asleep, awoke with a snort, and Madame Erstwhile remarked to the younger Tannenbaum girl, "Louise, if I were you I wouldn't pull that cape up that way. It looks positively *declassé*."

Jasper, following Strawberry out, had already lit another cigar.

Strawberry sighed, "The rain makes me so nervous." And then added: "If you'll buy me all the morning papers that have stories about me, Jasper darling, I think I'll go home and read about myself to sleep."

—SPUD JOHNSON

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## PARIS LETTER

PARIS, Jan. 15, 1927.



AS USUAL, the annual flight into Egypt has begun for the rich — also the flight into the Riviera, St. Moritz,

Pau or Algiers, depending on whether taste and pocketbook run to flowers, snow, fox-hunting or sand. The Sahara desert has recently been equipped with hot and cold running water. Excellent hotels have sprung up on the African coast as a result of its late popularity with the French. Fairly inexpensive tours with caterpillar-wheeled motors, portable kitchens, etc., are now practicable between the new oasis inns in the desert of the Great Erg. Those patrons who wish to "go it native" may even sleep out at night under a pup tent which will be rigged in the inn yard for a slightly additional fee. This taste for imperial Roman ruins and heat has been precipitated by the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, who made the tour last spring and under whose patronage all deserts now seem to be blossoming like the rose. With the franc "pegged" around twenty-five to the dollar, the upper-class French can again indulge in the luxury of travel.

LAURENCE STALLINGS' "The Big Parade," in a somewhat altered and less chauvinistic version than New York saw, has had an enormous boulevard success, due in some measure to the footage inserted in the second half of the film and drawn from the governmental files of the French War Department. On the opening day of this film, with its American doughboy and French peasant girl love-idyll, fourteen deserted French war brides presented themselves at the American Aid Society here, demanding either their American husbands or their money back—the latter preferred.

TWO new revues have opened, one of them needlessly. Mistinguett's new show at the Moulin Rouge is a marvel of ugliness, expense and slow motion. It is difficult to imagine how a group of French *couturiers* could have designed the appalling costumes for which Mistinguett on the program unselfishly takes the credit. Earl Leslie, whom she seems permanently to have adopted, has managed the dances. Chevalier,



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the coffee you like  
- - and sleep like a baby*

OVER her cup of Sanka Coffee, she made this confession to us:

"Long ago," she said, "I gave up coffee. I had no choice . . . for sleepless nights, ragged nerves, and an impending breakdown in health warned me that something was playing havoc with my constitution.

"My doctor told me that it was caffeine—the drug that makes coffee disagree with many people. I tried substitutes, but always I missed the full, rich flavor, the mellow goodness, the solid satisfaction of my favorite blend of Mocha.

"Then I found Sanka Coffee. Since then I've gone back once more to *real* coffee. And though I drink one or two cups of it every evening, I never have a wakeful night or nervous moment."

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If your nervous system is susceptible to the effects of caffeine you will welcome Sanka, for it will not deprive you of one minute's sleep. Sanka removes the

only objection ever held against coffee: 97 per cent of its caffeine content has been extracted. Doctors everywhere recommend Sanka for those who suffer from sleeplessness, nervousness, indigestion and the other distressing effects caused by the caffeine in ordinary coffee.

The exclusive Sanka process removes the caffeine *before the coffee berry is roasted*. And so successful is this process that even an expert can not tell the difference.

You can buy Sanka at your grocery or delicatessen store, ground or in the bean—or, take advantage of this unusual sample offer: Mail the coupon below with ten cents. Two small cans of coffee will be sent to you, marked simply as "A" and "B", one containing Sanka Coffee, the other the same blend of coffee, without the caffeine removed. After you've had plenty of time to compare the two, we'll tell you which is which. We'll guarantee that you can't detect the slightest difference in taste or aroma.

**SANKA COFFEE SAVES**

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# Where the food equals the finest dance music in New York

THAT'S saying a lot—but readers of the New Yorker are experienced in "the way of all flesh" after the sun sets.

And to those well-informed gentlemen, ladies, young ladies and their escorts, we repeat—

"At the McAlpin Grill the food equals the melodies of Ernie Golden's McAlpin Orchestra."

And Ernie Golden, the "numBAH-man" of Radio Station WMCA, presides in person (not a movie)—and what he doesn't produce in numbers, he provides with notes of harmony that quicken the appetite as well as the feet.

Then—McAlpin Cuisine—the finest New York affords—

Sprightly entertainment by Broadway favorites every night at midnight—

And the genuine spirit of the McAlpin where every visitor is a guest to be pampered—

These comprise the McAlpin Grill's appeal to smart New Yorkers who know what they want and where they can find it.

Won't you come down tonight?

*Arthur L. Lee*

Managing Director

## McALPIN GRILL

"Where The White Way Begins"

### B'way at 34 St.

who escaped years ago, has, despite certain musical setbacks, an excellent show of his own at the Casino. Auric was to have contributed music and did not; Weiner and Doucet were to have accompanied the star's songs and did not. But others do and did, and the result is much the same. Act by act, the mass costumes are handsome. The number called and colored "Mauve" is the high butter-and-egg point, with its mechanically arranged vista, developing box by box and stair by stair. The most artistic and astonishing number consisted of nothing at all except a sight of the beautiful Edmonde Guy, her partner Van Duren and two wolfhounds, all of whom, after a moment's exquisite inanimation before a silk backdrop, walked slowly from the stage. Here was economy and bliss.

THE DOLLY SISTERS' "A Vol d'Oiseau" show is closing. Efforts to keep it going have been expensive and light-hearted. After having given everyone in the cast elaborate gifts (see Cartier and other rock-furnishers for the *Loreleis*) which were to console the players for having no one sitting in the front rows, the sisters turned their attention to the absent audience and threatened that they would give them presents next. Free tickets helped somewhat. But not for long. For now the sisters announce that they are "forced to go to Monte Carlo." It is reported that one received a racing stable in her Christmas stocking. There will be a lot of trouble if the horses can't tell the girls apart.

The less vulgar theatrical events of the later winter season are already being prognosticated. In Paris, thespian art is apparently like a flower. It blooms only in the spring. Marcel Herrand will give a March matinée season of four plays, two from the American: "Endiablé pour le Ciel," (Hell-bent fer Heaven), "Fata Morgana," Marlowe's "Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus," and an equally new play by Cocteau, called "The Golden Fleece." M. Herrand has recently returned from a Canadian engagement and is now playing with the Pitoëffs in their Mediterranean tour of Spain, Italy and other Iberias. He is to be recalled for his beautiful appearance as *Romeo* in Cocteau's "Cigale" version, three springs ago.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN's "The Case of Mr. Crump" has just been privately printed by the Titus Mannikin



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MUSARDEISES, the sports perfume, is the vogue. It is the breath of woods and fields imprisoned in lovely Baccarat crystal.

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Press in a limited ten-dollar edition. It isn't likely to be printed in America. Maurice Maeterlinck, forgotten since the days of Bluebirds and Bees, has now turned to ants. As he compiled his book on bees from information which the naturalist, Fabre, painfully acquired on his knees in his Midi garden, so here the Belgian rearranges fascinating information New Guinean scientists have bled for in their struggle with warrior termites. Another privately and beautifully printed book on the so-called lower nature is "Portrait d'un Bulldog ou Prolégomènes à une Critique de la Sensibilité." This is what its title suggests and even more, coming from the delicate and classical pen of Pierre de Massot. It is an essay on desire, amity, fidelity and disillusion, all summed up by the master in the character of his dog.

IN THE midst of a modern literary Paris but barely recovered from the unadorned presence of Theodore Dreiser, now arrives the naturalistic Sherwood Anderson. "Monsieur Anderson," politely writes M. Boisson in his interview, "is one of the new men for whom a personal mysticism takes the place of culture." "The Man Who Became a Woman" has been translated by Bernard Fay and Jean Rivière, and Victor Llona is working on "The Storyteller's Story." It is owing to M. Fay that certain of our late literati are so well known here. Anderson and Dreiser were received as the American literary gospel. To the less critical these two seem to have carried on the untutored literary tradition founded by Jack London, who, translated years ago, still remains for the French the exciting ideal of our life and letters.

FOR FOUR YEARS the American Woman's Club has produced an excellent annual event, its Black and White Show. Starting insipidly at first, it grew to include the biggest moderns of that *métier* in France. Fifty-one artists from Matisse to de Segonzac are now showing there, including the Peintres-Graveurs Indépendents as guests. Arthur Heinzle-mann is doubtless the leading American showing, but the architectural etchings of Caroline Armington and the dry points of her husband, Frank Armington, have unusual merit.

Les Amis de Gauguin have formed here within the last week. Their aim is to force a canvas of that master into the Louvre. It is to be noted



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Women like its

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screw the stem from bowl and empty.

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Do not be deceived into taking anything but the genuine patented Smokador. Look for the name, Smokador, on the match-box holder, or on the bottom of the bowl. This trade mark is the guarantee of genuineness, and will protect you against mistakes. Smokador is the patented ashless ash-stand with the "rock-a-by" base that does not tip over. Insist on it.

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Five colors to choose from; mahogany, dark bronze, Chinese red, olive green and willow green. Ask for Smokador at your dealer's. Or send \$10.50, check or money order—(\$11.00, west of Mississippi)—with the coupon below. Your Smokador will be delivered to you promptly through the nearest dealer. Smokador Manufacturing Co., Inc., 130 W. 42nd St., New York.

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that Louise Gebhard Cann, American art critic, is the only foreign or female element in a group of conservative French males, numbering the conservators of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. The recent acquisition by the government of a fourth canvas by Tanaka, a Japanese modern, fostered first in Seattle and now in Paris, is another sign of the Beaux Arts' alertness. Apparently, they will not be caught napping as they were by the last generation. A self-portrait by Monet has just been presented to the Louvre by the late painter's friend, Clémenceau. The Louvre might once have had the honor of discovering and paying for it.

As a last artistic quip, one reads in the press that Marcel Bernheim is being sued by an angry baker lady from the provinces. Well, it seems that Madame Boy, of Seine-Inférieure, had long had a couple of old pictures in her attic. Recently, needing cash more than art, owing to the high price of flour, she came to Paris with her canvases and shrewdly showed them to Bernheim. He shrewdly said they were by a chap named Rousseau who was dead and for whose works there was no demand.

But, being a kind merchant, Bernheim offered Madame B. 10,000 francs for the pair. Having expected to get nothing for them, the lady at once demanded 15,000. Angry French words flew, but after heated argument, the bargainers agreed on 12,500 francs as being satisfactory to both sides. A few months later, Madame Boy, back to baking again, picked up a provincial journal and read that a Bohemian painting by her Rousseau had fetched a half million francs. When she came to her senses she was half way to Paris again. There she found that Bernheim had sold her two canvases for 250,000 and 150,000 francs, respectively. Having met an art dealer on her first trip to town, she now became acquainted with a lawyer. At present the court has adjourned the case for investigation. Madame Boy, who is an emotional woman, feels that if she loses her suit her life will be ruined. It may well be.

THE RECENT cold weather froze the lakes in the Bois de Boulogne where the swans passed their holidays in skating on thin ice. It also made the annual *Coup de Noël* or cross-Seine swim, dangerous to spectators and participants. Also it drove the unfortunate *harlequins* from

## and still he night... clubbed



..... we know a New Yorker who takes the visiting fireman out for a lark and gets him mellow enough to listen to his sales talk.

He knows the night clubs so well that even head waiters unbend enough to smile and untie the knot in the silken rope when he bobs in.

As he carries no partnership insurance, he waltzes into the office bright and early each morning to keep an eye on the assets.

Now his partner is a pillar of the church and lives in Roselle. His idea of dissipation is to play a round of family bridge. When the neighbors leave at 10:15, he asks his wife how she can expect him to work all day and stay up all night.

Every morning he gets down to the office with his eyes half open, while night-clubbing partner trips in with a cheerful grin to throw his direct mail in the waste basket.

"How can you stay up all night blinking at the bright lights and be so chipper in the morning?" demands the suburban partner.

"Sleep between Lady Pepperell sheets, old thing," comes back the quick reply. "A little sleep in comfort beats a night of tossing."

And there you are. The name again, please? Lady Pepperell sheets, of course.

**Lady  
PEPPERELL**

*sheets & pillow cases*



beneath the bridges of the Seine where they live and earn their colorful title by the brisk trade they run in selling plate cast-offs from the dining-rooms of big hotels. It is the persistent combination of peas, carrots and beet-root in such salvaged fare that earns for the group their nomenclature. Ordinarily they are rarely seen, but with the wind driving under the arches of the bridges, the band rose to the streets and wandered the bitterly cold avenues, which were deserted but for their shuffling feet and the occasional figure of a smart, hurrying woman in new furs. —GENÊT

### A CHILD'S PRIMER OF TRANSIT

#### SHUTTLING ALONG

It seems as if the shuttle must  
Grow weary of its life of just  
Proceeding back and forth between  
Two points without a change of scene.

Its days are arduous and hectic,  
Industrious and apoplectic,  
Without the charm of being subtle;  
So do not curse the wretched shuttle.

#### THE MISGUIDED BUS

The bus is a frolicsome blundering spirit,  
It's death and destruction to venture too near it  
As gaily it ambulates faster and faster,  
Completely committed to spreading disaster.

#### A ROUGH CROSSING

The Forty-second Street cross-town cars  
Express themselves in jolts and jars;  
They've no ambition to get ahead;  
They prefer to relax in their tracks instead.

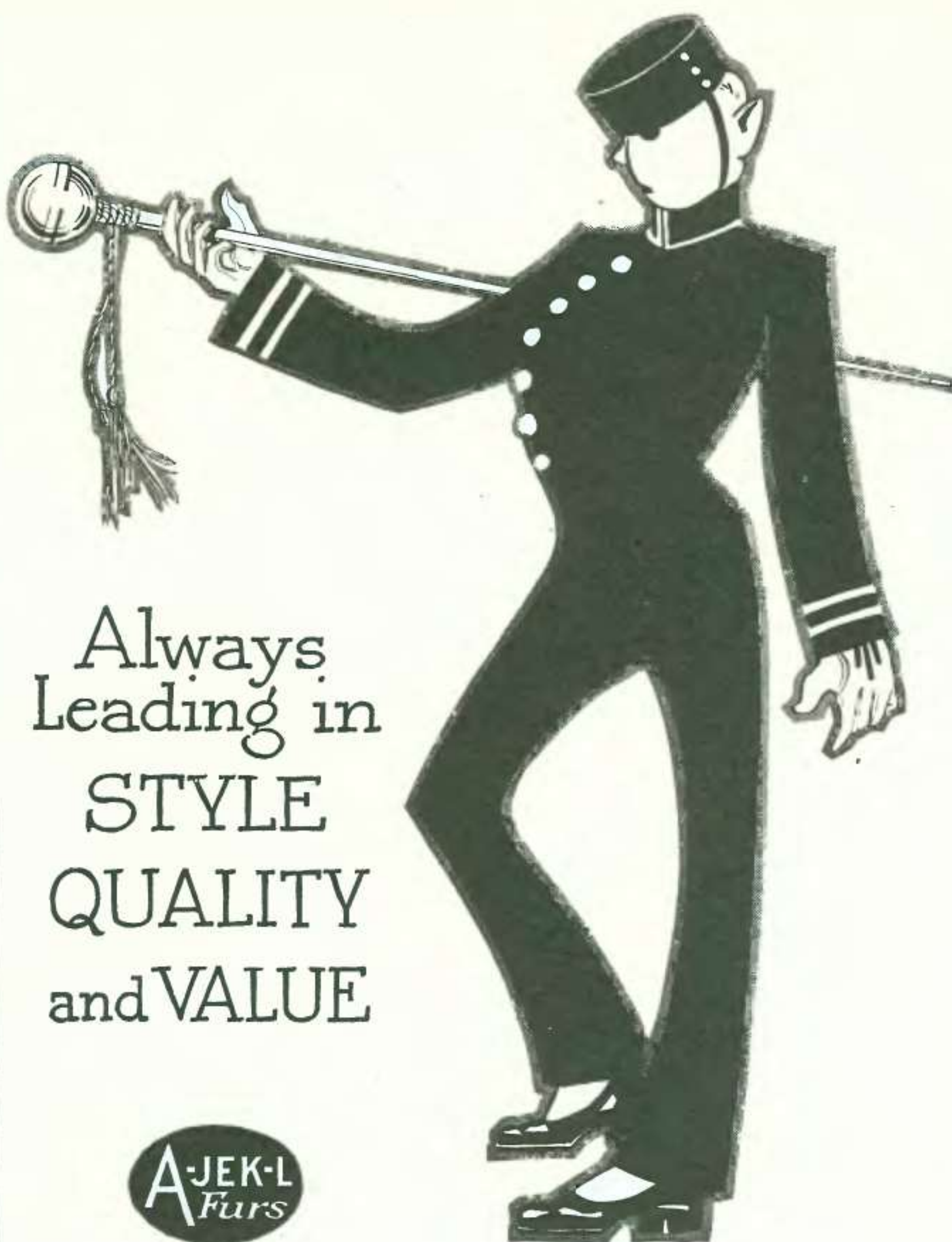
#### THE TROUBLESOME TAXI

Observe the sprightly taxi cab  
And study well its life and habits—  
Sometimes it sidles like the crab,  
Again, it rambles like the rabbits.

On pleasant days its disposition  
Would make the sternest heart rejoice,  
It rambles up at your petition;  
In rain, it heeds no human voice.

It comes in all the season's shades  
And latest color combinations,  
In checks and stripes, in pinks and jades,  
Bespeaking mental aberrations.

—MARGARET FISHBACK



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Leading in  
**STYLE**  
**QUALITY**  
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Fifth Ave. Bet. 35-36 Sts., New York



## ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

WITH the Beaux Arts Ball only six or five or maybe four days off, I am reprinting the list of costumers recommended by the committee as able to provide suitable garments for the occasion. These, I warn you, rent from \$25 to \$50 for the evening at present writing. Brooks Costume Company, at 1437 Broadway, leads the list as being the official costumer. Bayer-Schumacher, 67 West Forty-sixth Street; Broadway Theatrical Costume Company, at 116 West Forty-eighth Street; Chrisdie, 41 West Forty-seventh; Eaves, 110 West Forty-sixth; Lane, 133 West Forty-fifth; Tams, 318 West Forty-sixth; Schneider Anderson, 229 West Thirty-sixth, and Vanity Fair Costumes, 149 West Forty-eighth, are at your disposal. Lord & Taylor has some of the Reynolds costumes, designed for this occasion, for sale, as I have told you already.

After which proof of exhaustive research, I am amiably turning over my precious space to an affable young woman hereabouts, who is invited to have fun while I contemplate a trip to Havana or maybe Montreal. —L. L.

## LIVERIES AND LEGGINGS

*Household Goddesses—Uniforms, Black and White and Red All Over*

THIS is the season at which the servant problem is more acute than ever, as the baggages, having collected their handsome Christmas tips, are scurrying about in search of better positions, and I have taken the burdens of abandoned housewives on my own broad shoulders, and hope to see no more dinner-parties ruined by their monotonous dirges. They will find that the danger of premature grayness is considerably lessened by a use of the intelligence offices, which are humming with activity this month, and I heartily endorse the small, individual bureaux run by gentle-voiced spinsters who avoid the brutal impersonality of the big bureaux. The standard fee for the service is ten dol-

## WHAT! NO FASHIONS?

lars, and the small agencies, which charge no more than this, are more conscientious about the matter of references, dress and church membership.

ONE of the oldest and most reliable offices is that of Mrs. Lida Seely, at 38 W. Fifty-second Street, which has a fashionable *clientèle* and supplies men and women servants with impartial efficiency. It is one of those scrupulous agencies where the mistress must bear inspection before any jewels are sent her in the way of English butlers with an authentic accent. Speaking of the English, Mrs. Louise

do not take the ten dollar fee too seriously.

ONE of the safest old standbys in the city is Hedlund's, at 740 Madison Avenue, which supplies servants to fill every correct capacity. The waiting room is one of those places where you are sure to meet all your friends, and can conveniently study fashions in gowns and fashions in maids at the same moment (we give the tip gratis to the women who have always a flock of charity ball tickets to sell.) Another of the conservative agencies which promise that the maids they supply will have no use for your gold-tipped cigarettes is the Gordon Agency, at 132 East Fifty-eighth Street, run by a Miss Brown, who learned to wrestle with the domestic problem in the rôle of housekeeper. English and Scotch maids are her specialty, though she will supply you with any color or race you may prefer.



AND NOW, to get around to the problem of manning your house in more literal terms. R. T. Hutchinson, who was once a gentleman's gentleman himself, is said to inspect his applicants with the stony eye of an adept, and to supply the last word in butlers and housemen. Besides the New York office, at 516 Madison Avenue, there is an English branch, which exports promising material to America and secures them positions of good social standing. The Hutchinson butlers, we understand, have a way of refusing to serve butter with your dinner and otherwise sneering at American uncouthness, but all in all, they seem the most efficient. Another excellent bureau is Harry Turner's Agency, at 789 Lexington Avenue, which supplies butlers guaranteed to be pure cockney.

Illidge, at 126 East Fifty-ninth Street, has the best small agency for English and Scotch maids who have served various branches of the Guelph family, and the important matters of court etiquette are no secret to her waitresses. Another excellent bureau for Anglo-Saxon inside servants is that of Miss Sarah Hutchinson, at 627 Lexington Avenue, and we recommend that you enter your name at two or more of these if you wish quick service and

Lest I seem prejudiced against the southern races, may I state that I adore dark men, and that Madame Jacquin, at 602 Sixth Avenue, will supply as many soubrette lady's maids as you wish? Rouxel, at 68 West Thirty-seventh Street, is another pan-Gallic bureau, but I believe that at



all the French agencies any countryman is patriotically welcomed, and the selective process is left largely to the employer. If you are interested in German or Viennese cooks, Lang and Boecherer, at 64 West Forty-eighth Street, has a good name among the large agencies, and for Scandinavians, you will find a fine assortment of straw-haired, brachycephalic types at Emil Leffler's, 832 Lexington Avenue.

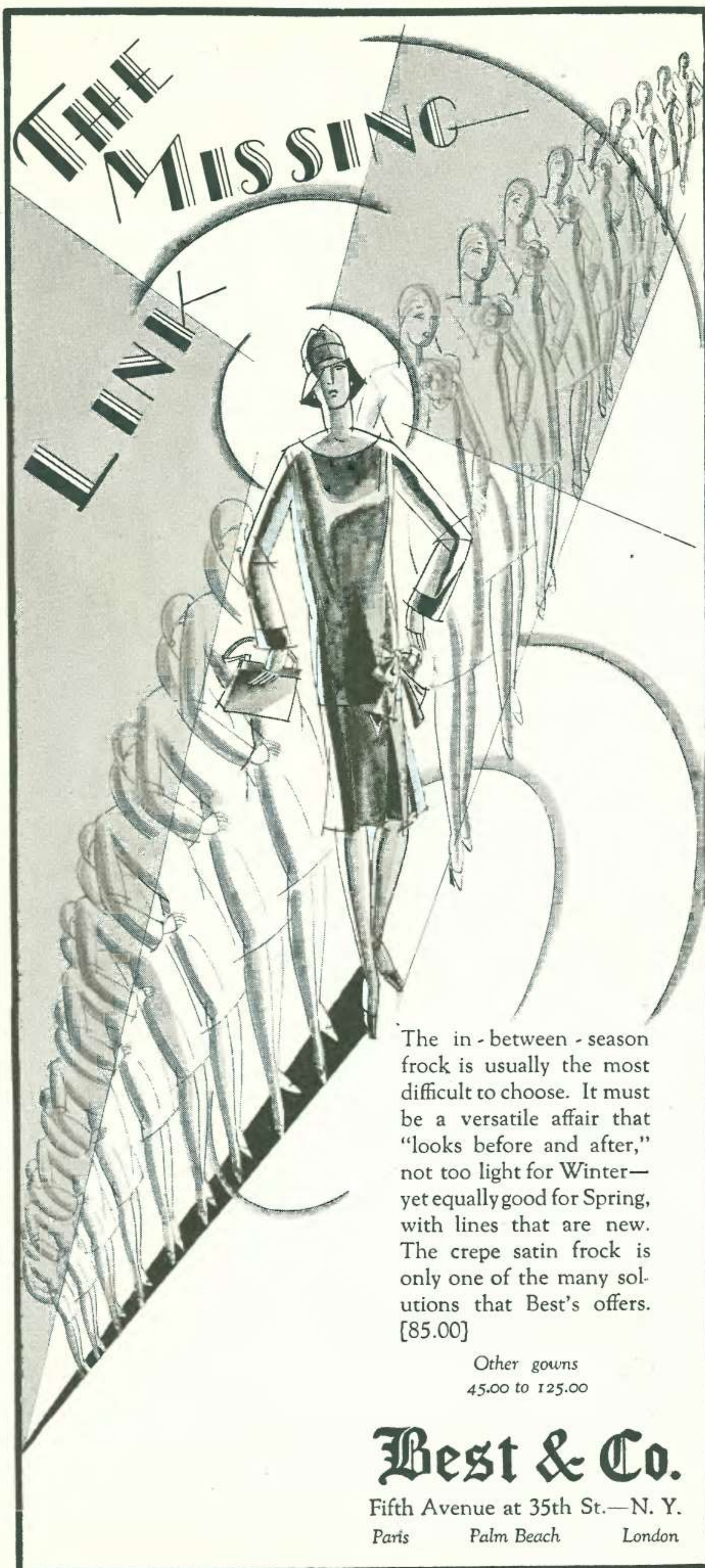
A glance into Donnelly's Red Book will show you a number of bureaus which supply Orientals of any desired religion and caste, and I believe they are all about the same in efficiency, though the Japanese Employment Agency, at 112 West Forty-fourth Street, is highly commended to me for bachelor uses.

IT IS unfortunate that the bureaus are divided on the wholly irrational grounds of nationality, and most of those already mentioned can also be depended on for polylingual governesses and nurses. Of course, the very best upper servants never reach the agencies at all, as they are signed up years before a probable demise by eager friends of the family. But very good housekeepers, governesses, companions and nurses can be obtained through Louise Wachter, at 624 Madison Avenue; Mrs. Pillsbury, of 507 Fifth; and Miss Sherlick, in the Putnam Building.

The last-named agency is one of the very few who specialize in baby nurses — most of these are monopolized by the doctors, who send them from one patient to another as soon as the child reaches the pantaloon stage. For governesses, the Home Bureau, at 36 West Thirty-ninth Street, is less smart, but very reliable, and the Lexington Avenue branch of the Y.W.C.A. provides a large assortment.

The chauffeur problem is one of the most difficult of all, and there is a dearth of reliably exclusive agencies. Most of the small bureaus content themselves with furnishing the inside of your house, and the only specialist of whom we know is Mr. Buell, down at the old Brewster carriage house, who supplies drivers for most of the Hispano-Suizas about town. Do not apply here if you are trying to cut down on the budget this year!

THE ENTIRE problem can be much simplified by calling in an expert who is in touch with all the



The in-between-season frock is usually the most difficult to choose. It must be a versatile affair that "looks before and after," not too light for Winter—yet equally good for Spring, with lines that are new. The crepe satin frock is only one of the many solutions that Best's offers. [85.00]

Other gowns  
45.00 to 125.00

**Best & Co.**  
Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.  
Paris      Palm Beach      London





## Today!

**Fashion Decrees  
a hair-free skin**

At home, at the office, at school, or in society, you cannot tolerate a single unsightly hair.

**Quick as a Wink**

you can free yourself of superfluous hair by using **ZIP**. And remember, you do not merely take off surface hair, you actually lift out the roots with the hair, gently, quickly, and painlessly, and in this way destroy the growth. **ZIP** is absolutely harmless. Use it once, and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

My enlarged and modern SALON is always at your service. Here I shall be delighted to give you a free personal demonstration or regular treatment. Interesting book on request.

**ZIP**  
IT'S OFF  
because  
IT'S OUT  
Sold Everywhere  
Guaranteed on money-back basis



*Madame Berthe*  
Specialist

562 Fifth Ave., New York  
(Ent. on 46th St.)

agencies and will furnish your house complete, as well as attending to such matters as moving, opening the summer cottage, and other duties. The best-known of these invaluable souls is Miss Ellin Buckler, who can be reached at Chelsea 6640. Inside servants, all white, occidental, and members of the church, are her particular field.

**T**HERE are persistent rumbles of a revolution in the whole domestic system. One ex-butler is making plans, which will mature next year, for *keeping* a house fitted with servants for twenty-five dollars a year.

In the meantime, there is that admirable organization known as Scientific Housekeeping, at 158 East Forty-seventh Street, which is trying to raise the standards of domestic help to as high a plane as that of trained nursing. They guarantee to fill the most eccentric orders within a week, and continue to act as go-between after the maid has been engaged. The hopeful mistress might do well to drop in at Mrs. Richard Boardman's private home for luncheon some day—here she may see the servants being put over the hurdles in the test school. She may sample the puff pastry of the cook, study the waitress's technique at first hand, and run her finger over Mrs. Boardman's piano for dust before she comes to a decision. Any of the servants may be engaged and fifteen hundred have already passed through the school. The maid who lives in must pay board and rent out of her wages, and work according to a strict schedule, made out by Scientific Housekeeping after an elaborate analysis of your needs. A Budget Service is provided which attempts to break up the *entente cordiale* between the cook and grocer for the purpose of running up bills, and the arrangement gives the maid time off at just the hours when she would be trying on your evening wraps or flirting with the iceman. Scientific Housekeeping has eliminated the necessity for weekly or yearly house-cleaning and will bring all its social tact and skill to bear on the problem of discharging your cook for you.

**T**HE MATTER of wages is another matter into which I have been prying, and I can tell you that if you pay the butler more than \$150 a month, you are making a great mistake; that a second man deserves from \$90 to \$100; a personal maid, \$75 to

## Go East to Park Avenue

**For immediate occupancy in an exclusive town home, "go East" to New York's newest apartment residence—**

**1125 Park Avenue  
N. E. Cor. 90th Street  
6-8-9 Rooms**

*Special inspection may be arranged by appointment.*

**If you are moving next October, it will be to your advantage to communicate with us, regarding our three new Park Avenue dwellings, now under construction at:**

**885 Park Avenue  
N. E. Cor. 78th Street  
9-10-12 Rooms**

**888 Park Avenue  
N. W. Cor. 78th Street  
10-12 Rooms**

**125 East 84th St.  
Just East of Park Avenue  
6-7 Rooms**

**JULIUS TISHMAN & SONS INC.**

**285 Madison Avenue**

*Tel. Caledonia 0530*



\$85; child's nurse, \$90 to \$100; parlor maid, \$70 to \$75; waitress, \$75 to \$100; cook, \$90 to \$150, with \$110 as the average; governess, \$100, and chauffeur, \$150.

**T**HE PROBLEM of servants' dress has also engaged my errant attention, and I am pleased to report that maids' fashions are trailing along in the van of our own. At 19 West Fifty-seventh, Joseph's costumes, for instance, show a distinct Lanvin influence, and her tight-fitting corsages inevitably suggest the *robe de style*. They are made very, very short, and taffeta is the favorite fabric. Madame Joseph is inducing her clients—they simply aren't customers—to dress their dining-room maids in colors to harmonize with the decorations, and is showing claret, green, and even yellow uniforms. The accompanying aprons should be of embroidered *écru* net for evening—organdie for day-wear. With these dresses, the maids wear very sheer nude silk stockings and black satin slippers. The caps should have long streamers—and these come in organdie with aprons to match for \$5. The taffeta dresses, if made to order, may cost as much as \$85, but they can be had in mohair in a wide selection of colors for \$18. These are also appropriate for the parlor maid. Some of the Valenciennes caps are so fetching that I am seriously considering going into service to be able to wear one. For personal maids, Joseph shows taffeta or silk poplin uniforms—invariably of black—at from \$18 to \$28. Some very cunning pleated taffeta aprons at \$8 accompany these, but a personal maid, never, never wears a cap. It would be advisable to wear the real pearls when you go to Joseph's.

**S**AKS-FIFTH AVENUE has a large ready-to-wear uniform department, and is specializing in black uniforms, as the more conservative families are certainly abandoning the pastel shades for evening. Saks emphasizes the straight-line dress for maids in every capacity, and has silk mohair dresses, suitable for waitresses or parlor maids, at \$17.50. They are also showing some black satin dresses at \$29.75, which they recommend as more durable than taffeta, and *crêpe de chine* dresses, which come a little higher.

They have a large assortment of aprons of different shapes—the plumper maids appear best in pointed

## LET OUR NURSES MOLD NEW YOUTH INTO YOUR FACE



Mere massage cannot compare in its result with the scientific face molding treatment as administered at Primrose House. Here at New York's smartest beauty salon, a corps of registered nurses mold loveliness into the face as expertly as a sculptor molds grace and beauty into clay.

Come to the Primrose Salon for diagnosis of your complexion needs. Face molding treatments only by appointment. Call Plaza 5347. We have arranged with exclusive shops throughout the country to carry Primrose House preparations. If you live outside New York we shall be glad to place you in touch with a conveniently located Primrose House dealer.

New York and Environs—B. Altman & Co., Franklin Simon & Co., Lord & Taylor, James McCreery & Co., John Wanamaker, Russek's, Saks & Co., Stern Brothers, Pennsylvania Drug Co., Abraham & Straus, L. Bamberger.

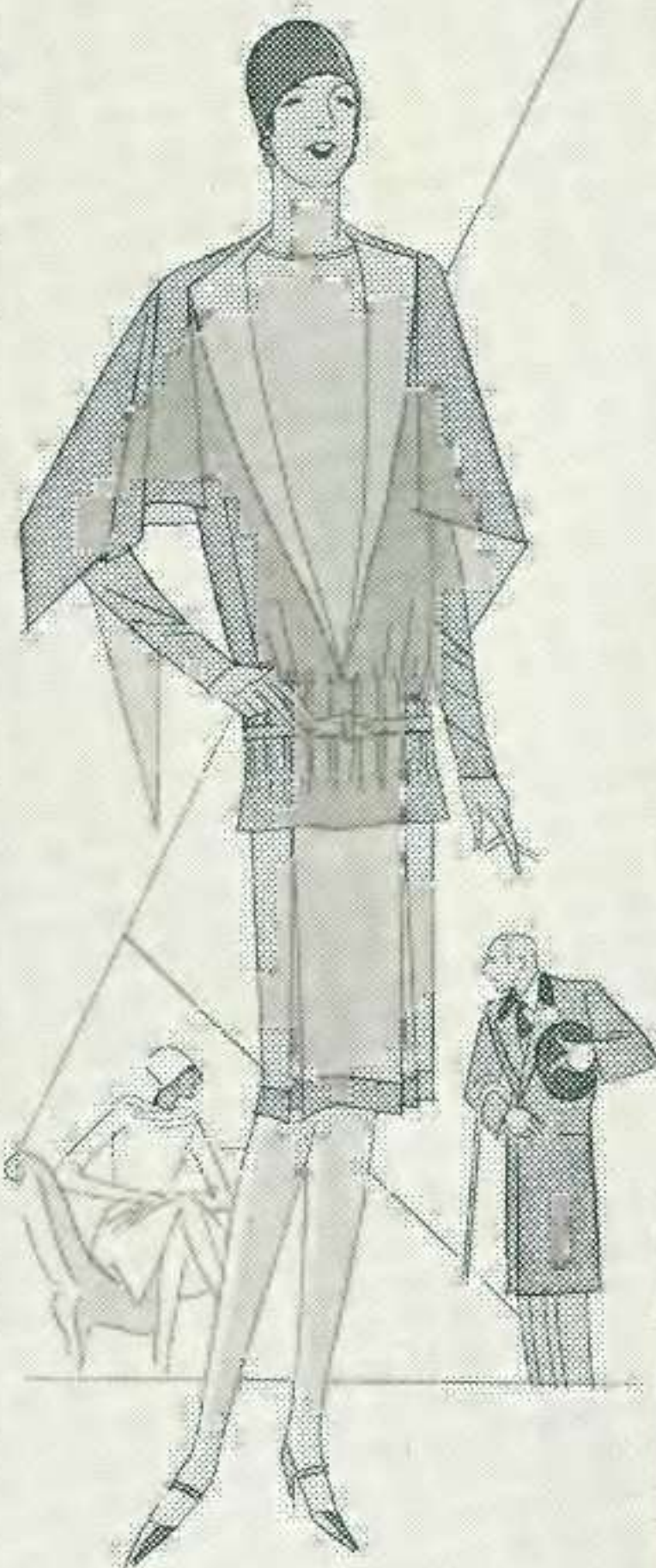
A request will bring you our descriptive booklet, "Here Dwells Youth," which tells you how to apply various Primrose House preparations and gives directions for rational care of your skin.

**PRIMROSE HOUSE 3 EAST 52**



# AVEDON

FIFTH AVENUE AT 40th



## A New Avedon

### "5 O'CLOCK FROCK"

The Ghanel replica shown herewith has a separate jacket with scarf cape and may be had in Navy silk crepe contrasted with Gold or Gray. For Tea, Bridge, Restaurant, Dinner or Impromptu Dance—just one of the collection assembled by Avedon to make informality truly enjoyable to the Smart New Yorker.

\$69<sup>75</sup>

aprons, the slender little chits in round ones.

For \$9.75 the most minute and frivolous of net caps and aprons may be acquired and should warm the heart of any waitress at all. Saks are showing purple silk aprons which would look rather well against a black background that was not too expansive, and these come at \$3.95. For nurses they recommend velour coats with capes at \$65 and velvet bonnets with very becoming streamers at \$10.50. The charming nurses' veils which English women demand, and which give them an interesting resemblance to nuns, are priced at \$14.50, and come in several shades.

The printer, who doesn't understand me *at all*, feels that this has gone on long enough, so you will have to wait until next week for my *exposé* of What the Well Dressed Second Man Will Wear. —GRETTA PALMER

## THE PHANTOM CATS

Some twenty cats repose  
Upon a backyard fence,  
And no one can disclose  
Their whithers and their whence.

They only live at night,  
Their days they wander through,  
And no one can say quite  
Precisely what they do.

Whate'er their haunts may be,  
They're not the haunts of men;  
No man may ever see  
Those twenty cats again.  
—FILLMORE HYDE

## DAWN IN CENTRAL PARK

Astride a garish taxi cab,  
Bright darkness rides away;  
And beauty, on a kiddie kar,  
Proclaims another day.  
—C. C.

## THE PLAYFUL PRINTER

His wife, the Baroness Kiryakoff, was the daughter of a noble Russian. He slept with friends *cow* 7 years ago, leaving a son who is now 9 years old.—*Daily Mirror*.

Lost: Evening gown, white beaded, from car, vicinity 73d St., Thursday; liberal reward, no questions asked.—*Adv. in New York Times*.

But will questions be answered?



## Spend Your Winter Amongst Flowers and Sunshine

Why not go where Spring lives...  
a few radiant weeks...at no greater  
cost than staying at home

**T**IRED of winter's cold? "The Longest Gangplank in the World" will take you to flowery lands of magic and delight. The moment you step aboard you are in France. That inimitable cuisine—that gracious service—the brilliancy of life aboard. It is the very atmosphere of Paris—at once! Take one of the de Luxe French Liners

**FRANCE, Jan. 29th—PARIS, Feb. 5th**  
calling first at Plymouth, England, then Havre—the port of Paris—in six days. No transferring to tenders—down the gangplank—to the special waiting express—Paris in three hours. Overnight—the Riviera—a pageant of floral splendour and social distinction.

### North African Motor Tours

And then—one day across the Mediterranean—North Africa—glamorous—exotic—flaming barbaric colour in the sun—or mystic moon-pale beauty. 57 days—de luxe trip—Mediterranean crossing—private automobile—all hotel expenses—\$1350. Ten day itinerary—\$120.

### West Indies Cruise

Or another golden voyage—to the sun drenched Caribbean—rainbow islands—ports of call whose names are magic—the olden haunts of buccaneers. The S. S. Lafayette sails February 5th. Thirty radiant days. Minimum fare—all shore expenses—\$325.

Four One-Class Cabin Liners direct to Havre, the port of Paris... New York-Vigo-Bordeaux Service, three Liners to Southern France and Spain

Our illustrated booklets are a trip in themselves

## French Line

Information from any French Line Agent or recognized Tourist Office, or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City



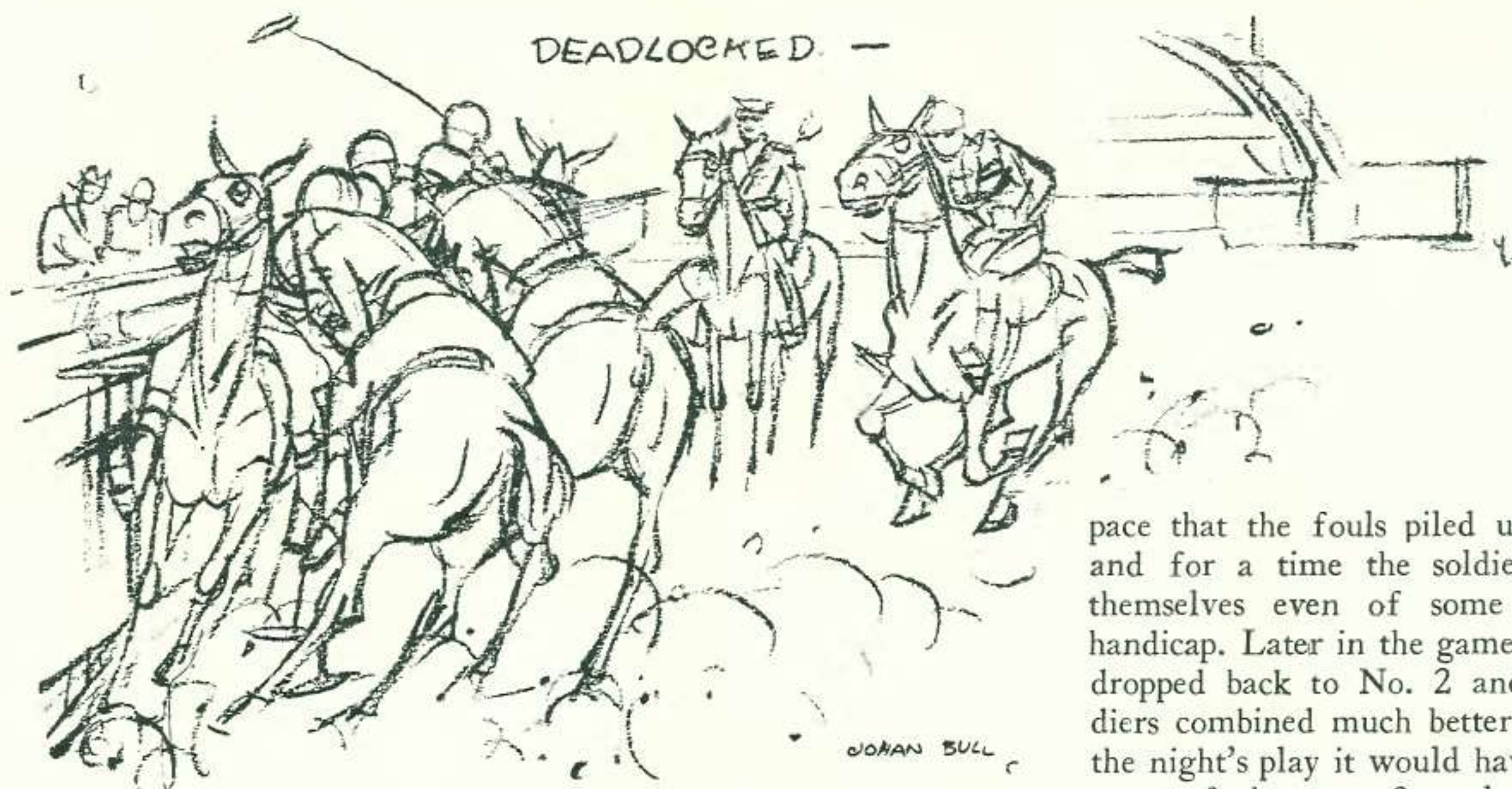
## SPORTS OF THE WEEK

SEVERAL of the best players of the indoor galloping game were in action in the Squadron A arena the other night when the snow swirled around the big armory at

*Polo, Hockey and Squash*

that they were Freshmen in polo as well as in their other studies. However, there was promise here and there

No. 2, and Koerner at back. With this formation the Squadron made little progress, and Parson, Smith and Sackman of Brooklyn, simply ran away from them. So fast was the



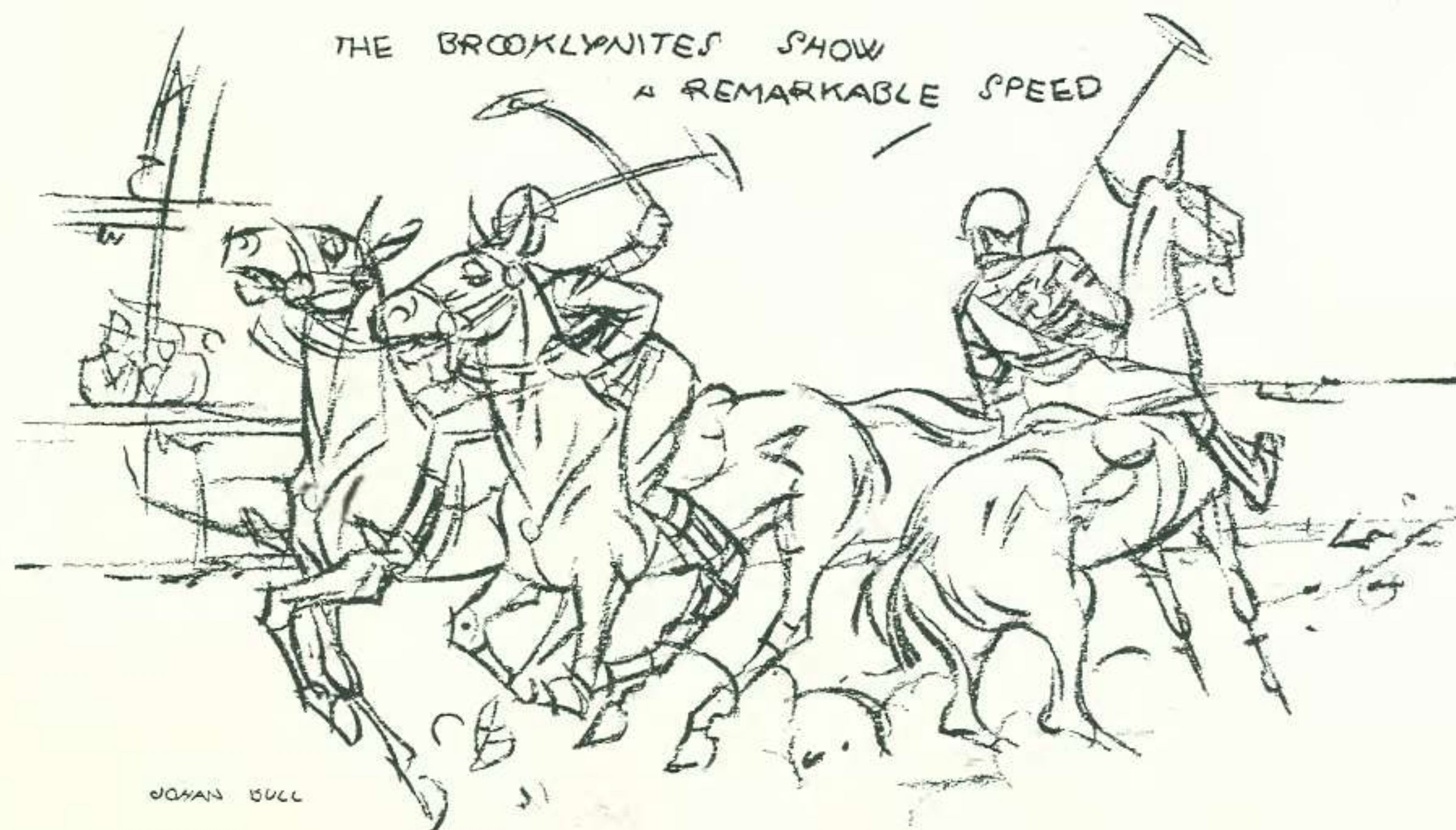
Ninety-fourth Street and Madison Avenue. Despite that snow there was a representative crowd on hand, the sort of crowd that cheers for individual favorites. Two of these individual stars, Dr. Blackwell and Arch Kinney, played on opposing sides while a pretty exhibition of team work was turned in by the purple-shirted trio from the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club. The Yale Freshmen, in the course of taking a beating at the hands of one of the Squadron's teams, Class C, showed

in the team. Newhall and McNeille, I thought, had a future at New Haven. Goodspeed, who later went in, was still in a very elementary stage.

The closing match between the em-purpled Brooklynites and the Squadron's B team, a Class A engagement, worked up to a high pitch of speed. The local cavalymen started poorly. They set out with four goals by handicap, but the horsemen from across the bridge wiped that out in a single chukker. At this time Bill Klausner was at No. 1 for the soldiers, Brady at

pace that the fouls piled up rapidly, and for a time the soldiers robbed themselves even of some of their handicap. Later in the game Klausner dropped back to No. 2 and the soldiers combined much better. But on the night's play it would have taken a team of the very first class to shut down the Brooklyn scoring. Better mounts I have never seen in action indoors in a pre-championship engagement. Young Bancroft, the former Princeton star, who plays now with the New York cavalymen, has recently purchased three excellent mounts. Always a smart and hard hitter, Bancroft has not yet quite hit his stride. Doubtless a little more fire will develop in his play by the time the opposition gets up around his own class.

The honors for really brilliant polo went to the Brooklynites, who had







PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY BARON DE MEYER

A course of scientific Treatments at the Elizabeth Arden Salon will keep your skin clear, fine and smooth.

*Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere*

**ELIZABETH ARDEN**

*673 Fifth Avenue, New York*

LONDON: 25 OLD BOND STREET

PARIS: 2 RUE DE LA PAIX

PALM BEACH: 2 VIA PARIGI

## HOTEL MARGUERY

*An exclusive and luxurious hotel on residential Park Avenue, just north of Grand Central Terminal, patronized by distinguished residents and visitors in New York*

**270 Park Avenue, at 47th Street  
New York**

brought their own cheering section with them. Parson, beautifully mounted, slipped away from Koerner into the scoring openings again and again, until at the final whistle the score was  $16\frac{1}{2}$ — $6\frac{1}{2}$  in favor of the invaders. The passing from man to man was superb, the ponies on the Brooklyn side were perfectly matched for speed and handiness, with the result that the team play, and the advantage taken of even the most difficult backhand scoring openings, would have satisfied even so keen a critic as R. A. Granniss, who, as far as generalship is concerned, is the Milburn of indoor polo. —HERBERT REED

### HOCKEY

"ART for Art's sake" has scored one more triumph over the ancient enemy, the commercial producer—this time in the realm of hockey.

The second piece on the Metropolitan Hockey Guild's triple bill presented on Wednesday evening at the Madison Square Conservatory outclassed any of the week's performances by the subsidized virtuosi. The head-line attraction was the engagement between the Canadian Club of New York and the Canadians of the Knickerbocker Club. (Washington Irving certainly would be puzzled to find under the Knickerbocker banner men whose names at once betray their origin to have been in the French colony along the St. Lawrence.)

This game was a splendid affair from the spectator's point of view, and rose to dizzy heights of hockey excellence. In the first period, although the Knickerbockers appeared to have a tiny margin on their fellow-exiles, the Canadians emerged with one tally to their credit and the Knicks with none. This was due to bad shooting, for time after time the *jongheers'* forward line went down the ice in perfect combination, overcoming all opposition only to miss the cage by inches.

THE SECOND session was a battle of the legitimate sort from the first gong to the final whistle, and the Canucks held their one-point lead for twelve minutes of hectic hockey. Then, from a scramble in front of the nets, Gagne of the Knicks banged in the disc for the balancing tally, and Gillespie, two minutes later, threaded his way through the enemy lines and put his team in the lead by fooling the Canadian goalie with a pretty shot. The bell put a temporary stop to the



struggle, but it was resumed with unabated fury in the first overtime period and that session ended scoreless.

There was not a cool spectator in the place when the battle was rejoined and much valuable advice was lost to the players because they couldn't recognize their names as shouted by their newly enlisted partisans. It dawned on Gagne, eventually, that this was meant for him, since early in the second overtime he concluded his share in a dashing three-man rush by taking a short pass from Foulis and sinking the disc deeply into the twine.

**T**HE ST. NICHOLAS lads, who, with the Crescents of Brooklyn, staged the third performance in this, the last of the triple-headers, present proof positive that hockey players need not come from Canada. This constellation of college stars is made up entirely of Americans who learned the game in this country; and the place they hold at the top of the list shows what home-grown hockey can be.

The encounter with the Brooklynites started out to be a very even affair, but toward the middle of the first stanza, Popham, late of Williams, started the landslide by scoring on a pass from Baldwin after some smart maneuvering before the Crescent cage. Baldwin repeated a few minutes later, and this time had himself the honor of concluding his rush with a score. Then Watkins, all alone, executed at a fast clip a neat circling dash in which he skillfully eluded all opponents and lodged the puck in the net.

The Crescents had not been idle by a long chalk, but their efforts were comparatively ineffectual. In the second session they redoubled their endeavors, but were rewarded with only one tally, scored by Watson Thompson as the crowning effort of a strenuous game. The Crescents kept up their end of the struggle until the final bell, but could not penetrate the St. Nicholas defence. —R. K. ARTHUR

## COURT GAMES

**T**HE METROPOLITAN championship which came to a conclusion last week furnished substantiation of the contention that New York is well on its way towards becoming the strongest center of squash rackets in the country. In past years Boston and Philadelphia have shown the way, but the best players are gravitating towards the metropolis, and the home-bred talent is improving noticeably as a re-



**THE EVENING GOWN:** "Isn't that static behind us awful?"

**THE EVENING SUIT:** "A man with a bark like that should either stay at home or buy LIFE-SAVERS with his ticket."



## Flapperettes of 1880

*Wiggley pig tails, shiny nose,  
Gingham dress, and brilliant bows,  
High laced shoes, and brassy toes;  
Nobody knows what underclothes.  
Powder and rouge were things yet to come;  
Bobbed hair, manicures, sweet chewing gum;  
Cigarettes, hip flasks, synthetic rum.  
My, what an age for the up-to-date  
what-'tis-it.*



Booties of 50 years ago

Indeed, in those days they needed brassy toes, what with the heavy boots and painful clod-hoppers to carry around in their play and juries. Their thoughts may have been high, but their arches were fallen. No doubt, were you to trouble to ask, there is many a fashionable dowagerine seen on the Avenue today whose flat feet started when she wore those old brassy toed high lace boots.

There's many a fashionable dowager on the Avenue today, also, who is tripping along like Sweet Sixteen. A glance at her feet and shapely ankles, not hard to see in these days of facts, figures and enlightenment, will disclose to the impertinent observer that she has used what Nature gave her, her bean-o, and is wearing Arch Preserver Shoes.

For morning hiking, afternoon sauntering, night club dancing, Arch Preserver Shoes will keep old feet young, young feet younger, no matter how light the head gets nor how heavy the body.

The comfort is hidden on the inside, but the beauty and style are all brazenly exposed. To get your Arch Preserver Chausseurs in the Nth degree of all you demand in ease and please, follow one path only—J. Van Buren Brown—4th floor—Jaeger Building, 48th and the Avennew.

### THE PIECE DE RESISTANCE



\$12.50

A beautiful Oxford in Rose Blush Kid, Black Calf and Alligator Calf



ARCH PRESERVER SHOES EXCLUSIVELY  
JAEGER BUILDING—FOURTH FLOOR

Where the Bus stops going South

590 FIFTH AVE. AT 48th ST.

sult of the higher class of competition afforded.

THE ENGLISH squash rackets team will be with us next week, and we shall see how far New York has gone up the ladder when the metropolitan representatives meet the invaders in two matches at the University Club on Monday and the Racquet and Tennis Club on Tuesday. The British combination, as we pointed out last week, is not the strongest that could be mustered, for it does not include either Captain J. E. Tomkinson, who defeated Captain Victor Cazalet for the title recently, nor W. D. MacPherson, title holder two years ago and conqueror of Tomkinson, early in the current season.

But while the team may not be the best that England could offer, it is looked upon by local players as better than the one which came over three years ago; and, with Captain Cazalet as its leader, it should offer a stiff test for the metropolitan team.

THE NEW YORK teams will be picked almost entirely upon the basis of the play in the metropolitan championship. No announcement had been made at the time this was written as to the personnel of the teams, but it may be expected that the strongest line-up will include Palmer Dixon, of the Rockaway Hunting Club, the national champion; Darwin P. Kingsley, Jr., of the University Club; P. K. Keenan, of the Montclair A.C.; R. Earl Fink, of the same club; Henry Munroe, of the Racquet and Tennis Club, and George Debevoise, of the Harvard Club.

These players all stood out prominently in the metropolitan championship, and perhaps none more so than Kingsley, whose feat in vanquishing both Debevoise and Keenan on successive days in five-game matches has earned him a place among the top-notchers.

More of a defensive than an attacking player, Mr. Kingsley is at the same time one of the most sporting of all the players. He is never content to play safe. He will stick the ball as low as any of them and gamble just as bravely for the point, but it is the impenetrability of his defense that makes him so formidable an opponent. Messrs. Keenan and Debevoise, debonair and reckless in the extreme in the impetuosity and low trajectory of their attack, found it heart-breaking to have their every shot returned



## Pogo's\* Role

*To be the shopping headquarters of the young person who has good taste but a limited income.*



A VERY SMART, very young girl from one of the leading fashion magazines selects the models, supervises their making and is delighted to make suggestions.

*The new bow neck frock, of flat crêpe, in raisin, flame, green or blue . . . 48.50  
or in exclusive Tailored Woman prints . . . 58.50.*

\*Registered.

## THE TAILORED WOMAN

632 FIFTH AVENUE at 50th STREET  
Opposite the Cathedral



with machine-like precision by Kingsley in one long rally after another. No matter what chances they took—how savagely they pounded the ball or how low they nicked the wall just above the tin—Mr. Kingsley always returned the ball, anticipating instantly, and reaching out with a prehensile racket that nothing eluded.

In each match those who are closely acquainted with the University Club gentleman were doubtful as to whether he would be able to last five games, but in each instance their fears were groundless. It was not Mr. Kingsley who cracked, but his opponents. While they were wearing themselves out with their frenzied pace, he was maintaining as even a tenor as it is possible to maintain in pursuit of a streaking ball, and he finished with plenty in reserve.

There were three players of prominence who did not compete in the tournament, and who would have otherwise made serious bids for a place on the metropolitan team. These are Tevis Huhn, metropolitan champion two years ago; A. E. Ells, champion three years ago, and Henry Mills, also of the University Club. Mr. Ells was a starter but was forced to retire early from the play to undergo an operation. Illness kept Mr. Mills out, while Mr. Huhn got back from England the day the tournament opened and sent in his entry without knowing that the proceedings had already started.

While abroad Mr. Huhn lost to Mr. MacPherson in the English championship, but that is no disgrace for any player. Mr. Huhn is one of the best performers around New York and will probably be heard from before the season is over.

THE RESUMPTION of play in the metropolitan Class A squash tennis championship following the holiday hiatus was attended with dire proceedings. The hitherto invincible Crescent A.C., which did not lose a match in the first half of the season, took an awful jolting from the Columbia University Club. Only one match of the seven went to the Brooklynites, and it wasn't Edward Larigan who won it. That gentleman—you must have been as greatly surprised as we were—failed to get a game from Rowland Haines. Two weeks ago it looked as though the race for the honors was entirely between the Crescents and Harvard. It doesn't look that way now.

—ALLISON DANZIG



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## MUSICAL

Conductors Change Sticks  
"Back to Bach" — Sibelius



WITH January has come a new assortment of conductors for our native orchestras. Mr. Damrosch

confines his present activities to leading matinées for the young and to putting intelligent music on the air of Saturday evenings, his *ersatz* being Mr. Klemperer from Wiesbaden. Mr. Mengelberg has sailed back to Holland and his Concertgebouw Orchestra, leaving the Philharmonic in charge of Mr. Toscanini (assuming that this great musician has recovered from his unfortunate illness when this appears in type). Following the Toscanini régime there will be the third season of Mr. Furtwaengler. And somewhere in March we are to meet Fritz Busch, who will succeed Mr. Klemperer with the Symphony Society. At the close of the season, Mr. Damrosch will return for a series of farewell concerts. *Baton, baton, who's got the baton!*

Mr. Klemperer, whose conducting last season broke up many musical homes—most of his listeners either burst into apostrophes or give way to the vapors—is the same old trouble-maker. The man is extremely important, although you may not like his way of handing out music, because he starts rows. His first Sunday concert prompted Mme. Samaroff to devote several hundred words in the *Evening Post* to a protest against the verdicts of Mr. Gilman in the *Herald-Tribune*. When critics fall out, audiences rush into the concert hall.

Our observation of Mr. Klemperer indicates that he is what is known as a "born" conductor. He has a terrifying amount of executive power over his orchestra and he seems to draw from it precisely what he plans to extract. His memory for scores seems to be prodigious and his grasp of the partitur is, from a technical point-of-view, absolute. Having this mechanical command of things, he has only to make music, and in this respect he is open to several sorts of criticism. Evidently the sound of his band releases in him a deal of emotionalism, and sometimes this release brings about unnecessary *sturm und drang*. And the



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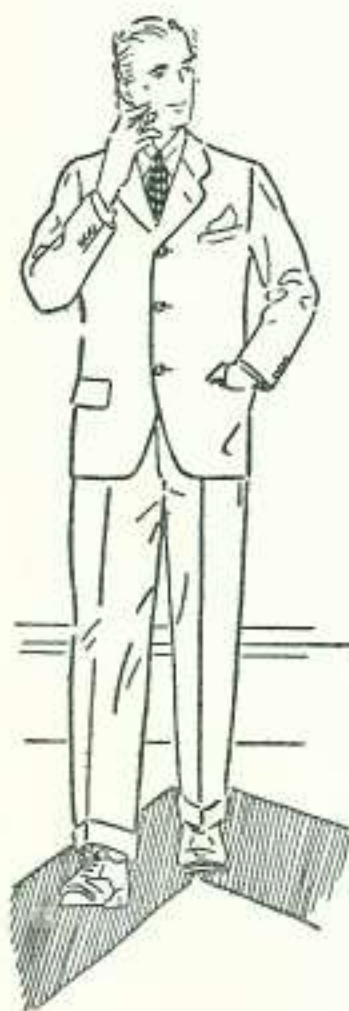
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## EVENTS

*and Critics Cross Them—  
Ubiquitous — Recitalists*

critical fisticuffs begin when there is any suggestion that emotionalism is not always in place.

However, violence is preferable to lethargy, and fights between reviewers are good for everyone. The return of Mr. Klemperer is an exciting episode in the season.

THE "BACK TO BACH" movement has been responsible for many oddities, of which one of the oddest is the De Falla concerto for harpsichord and a fistful of instruments, produced here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra with the miraculous Wanda Landowska playing the harpsichord score. De Falla has done many charming things, but his new concerto is exempt from that classification. The orchestration for the miniature band is so thick that the harpsichord emerges only at intervals, and most of the intervals are disagreeable.

The twisting of Spanish folk rhythms into modernist patterns is a pointless bit of near-cleverness. The best commentary on the work was the ensuing Mozart rondo for harpsichord and orchestra. Mozart is still the best living composer for this combination.

SIBELIUS' competition with Beethoven as the most played composer of the year continues vigorously. The Northman's seventh symphony was performed within a week by the Boston Symphony under Mr. Koussevitzky and the New York Symphony under Mr. Klemperer, the latter performance coming too late for comment in this issue. Sibelius is the grimmest of composers, although his grimness is not of the literary variety. His music rarely makes any sensuous passes at the ear and most of it is a tremendously skillful projection of a somber mood. It is not captivating stuff at a first hearing, but it wears well, and when one becomes accustomed to the Sibelius idiom one discovers a strange underlying tenderness.

BACK from Belgium is John Charles Thomas, who used to sing "Girls, Girls, Girls" and other dainty things in light opera and who jumped from a rather boisterous musical com-

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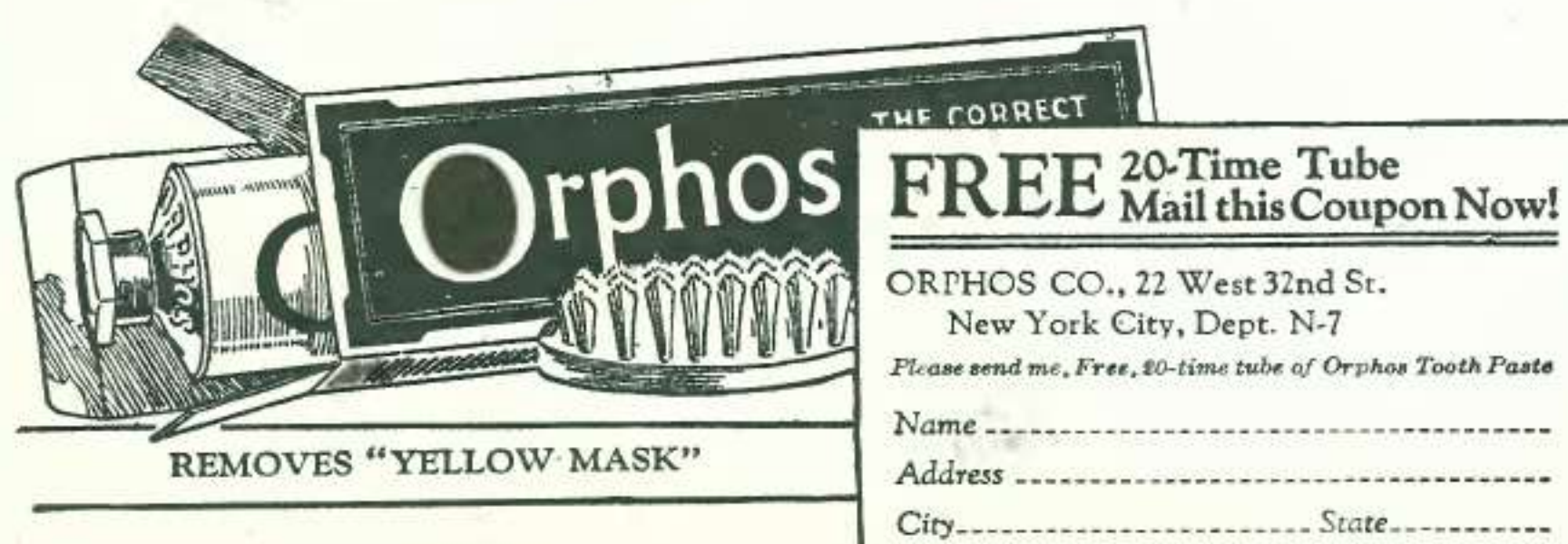
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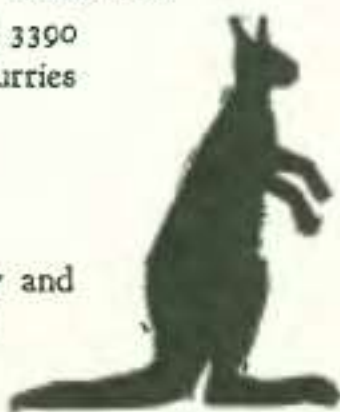
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edy style into a singularly restrained recital manner when he "graduated" several years ago. His grand operatic experiences in Belgium have not injured his voice, for his notable breath support is better than ever and the brilliant high notes are somewhat firmer than they used to be, but his way of issuing songs has become decidedly expansive. Mr. Thomas comes to the platform with amazing celerity and bows to the assembly in the best prima-donna fashion, but his singing remains a pleasure to us, even when he makes arias out of Brahms *lieder*.

Our idea is that Mr. Thomas is headed for Broadway again—but this time it will be Broadway between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets.

There are few baritones at the Metropolitan who sing as well as he does, and for all we know, he has become a good actor.

A GOOD notion for recitalists was introduced by Nina Tarasova, who reappeared in the Times Square Theatre for a recital of Russian songs.

Mme. Tarasova didn't trust to the ordinary word-book to make clear her music to the listeners; she had spoken program notes, with the inimitable Sigmund Spaeth officiating. There were several costume changes and scenery was hauled about to provide a background for the airs. What might have been just another song recital became a rather dramatic evening, and we hope that other singers who are not out-and-out vocalists may steal a little of Mme. Tarasova's stuff.

—R. A. S.

### ARE YOU A NEW YORKER?

[WHAT NUMBER DO YOU CALL AND WHOM DO YOU ASK FOR AT THE FOLLOWING WHEN YOU WANT TO MAKE A RESERVATION TO DINE OR DANCE? THE ANSWERS ARE PRINTED ON PAGE 65.]

1. Club Richman.
2. Le Perroquet de Paris.
3. Barney's.
4. Montmartre.
5. Lido.
6. Mirador.
7. Caravan.
8. County Fair.
9. Villa Venice.
10. Greenwich Village Inn.



## CONFESSIONS OF A GATE-CRASHER

[The Editors do not vouch for the truth of this article which comes to us in the mail. True or not, it may perhaps be read with profit by all.]

THE OPERATIONS of myself and my partner include breaking into all manner of entertainments, from benefits to first nights. During the past few months we have been more than ordinarily busy, and crashed the Paramount Theatre opening and the Equity Ball, as well as numerous openings. Crashing the Equity was no trick, but the Paramount was something else again.

I have not been crashing for very long.

My initial venture was the first matinée of "The Ramblers," at the Lyric. The manner of crashing this theatre is through an office building, No. 220 West Forty-third Street. Walk up two flights and you will see a large door. Go inside, and you will be standing in a tiled vestibule with two exit doors before you. I have seen this show three times and I have never found these doors locked. They lead into the first balcony of the Lyric.

Walk in.

It is only fair to say that the first time I did so I encountered trouble. As I stepped through with my partner we were approached by a girl usher who said:

"Checks please."

"That's all right," I replied, pointing to my partner, "his father makes rope."

She nodded in a very knowing way, but as we were descending the stairs to the orchestra floor I noticed her still standing in the same spot, her expression changing from one "in the know" to one who is very perplexed. But she didn't bother us further.

On reaching the orchestra floor we went to the smoking room, where we waited for the curtain. We timed our return to the orchestra so that we were almost the last ones to arrive. By this time most of the patrons were seated. We quickly surveyed the house, selected two seats midway down and approached them with the positive step of cash customers who knew exactly where their seats were.

As the show got under way we improved our seats, taking two in the second row.

A SHOW which had best be crashed at a matinée is "Americana," at the Belmont. The house is rather



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small and they don't seem ever to sell standing room. These conditions put one in a very uncomfortable position after entrance is gained. At the two evening performances which I crashed the house was sold out and only the fireman, manager, and ushers were standing. At matinées, no doubt, seats are available to crashers. Enter on left side of theatre through exit door on orchestra floor. Proceed as in crashing “The Ramblers.”

I remember having crashed the Lyceum, back in the days when Fannie Brice was playing there in “Fanny.” The men's smoking room is outside of the ticket-taker's stand, and no return checks are issued. What could be simpler? Go into the smoking room first; when the crowd starts from smoking room to theatre go with them. And that's that. A girl usher in the first balcony, right aisle, asked us for checks and I told her we were passed in back stage. That seemed to satisfy her, but my partner had become alarmed at her question and had fled downstairs. The usher went after him and brought him back. He didn't quite know what to make of it when she found us two seats in the second row. Neither did I.

CRASHING the first night of “The Captive” at the Empire was interesting. There were four in our party. We entered a side exit door on the orchestra floor, and were surprised to find a man on the other side who said, “Come right in.” Our surprise increased a minute later when he summoned an usher, pointed us out, and said: “There they are. One, two, three, four,” which was a way of asking us to leave, and we left. Two of our party departed the way we entered; the other two passed out by the front entrance, picking up two return checks from the doorman's stand as they passed. These they sold outside for a dollar each, and the four of us went on to enjoy coffee in a near-by restaurant.

The most interesting thing about crashing the movie houses is the possibility of making money. Take the Rivoli and Rialto, for example. If one does not get a seat in these houses within a reasonable time, one has but to complain to one of the many assistants-to-the-manager, and the admission will be refunded—cheerfully, too, I have found. Once having crashed, there is the necessity of having a check, that is, the half-ticket which the ticket-taker returns to all



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cash customers. A crasher may procure these by picking them up off the floor. Then seek out an assistant-to-the-manager, and he will put the checks in an envelope, inscribed with the amount and his signature. Present the envelope to the cashier, who will refund your money.

On dull Sunday evenings, my partner and I have crashed and have been refunded in two or three movie houses.

**E**NTRANCE to the Rivoli may be gained on Seventh Avenue. There are two iron gates at the rear of the theatre, one on the left and one on the right side of the house. One of these doors is usually open and both of them lead to exit doors, which may be closed, but are rarely locked. Open an exit door with as little noise as possible. You will then be confronted by two latticed-work doors that swing in and out very quietly. They bring you out very close to the first row. It is best to enter when the picture is just finished, or when several people get up to leave. During the ten or twelve times I have entered the Rivoli in this manner I have never had an usher question me.

Down at the Rialto the same procedure holds. At the right of the theatre on Seventh Avenue is a huge iron door. It is covered with stills relating to the current picture. It is always open. It leads into an alley into which exit doors open. Proceed as in crashing the Rivoli.

**M**Y PARTNER and I decided that we had to uphold our reputations by crashing the Paramount Theatre gala invitation opening. With this in mind we studied the ground the night before, when a rehearsal was in progress, and guided by our findings, we were able to be among those present on the following night. On the Forty-fourth Street side of the building we climbed nine stories up a fire-escape, and let ourselves into the building proper. Then we went down one flight of the office building stairway and this led us into the balcony promenade. Then we went below and joined the standees.

One of the New York tabloids has already told how to crash the Equity Ball. Before the ball we amassed \$3.75 by pooling our resources, and with this we bought three return checks from a friend. With the three return checks, one man and two girls, all immaculate in evening dress, walked past the door. The

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man then returned, bringing with him the two other checks, and two more entered, one returning with the same three checks. In this manner we passed in all of our party. All, that is, save one. This unlucky chap was stopped at the door. He did not have evening dress on and the doorman said: "Nothin' doin'. There's nobody crashin' this ball."

He was wrong.

The chap that ran afoul of him was the last of a party of thirteen.

—EXTRA

## BANG GOES THAT LAST ILLUSION

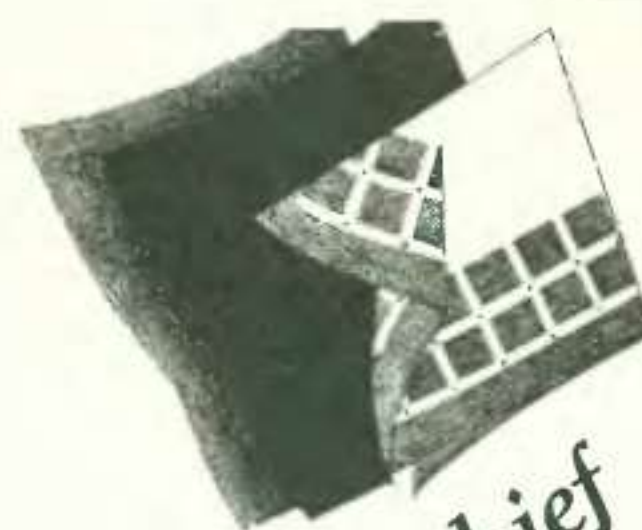
Camera man, spare that face!  
It registers, and how!  
In youth it suited me—  
Don't let me see it now.

—Old Ballad.

THIS is a warning to middle-aged gentlemen who feel that, after all, what with one thing and another, they haven't turned out so badly as might have been expected. For the prime necessity of life is not wealth, nor power, nor fame, but self-esteem; and here alone we battered demi-veterans have the edge on youth. In youth, the manufacture of self-esteem is really an infant industry; the home brew needs to be supplemented by importations of good opinion that bears a more authoritative label. But if a man is any good at all, by the time he is edging on toward forty he ought to be able to roll his own self-esteem in quantities adequate to supply the home market; which is a grand and glorious feeling, at least, for the self-esteemeer.

Nevertheless, there are three things we middle-aged gentlemen should not do, lest we crack the illusion. We should not fall in love with girls of eighteen; nor should we try to cash checks at a night club in the presence of friends (unless the money has been privately deposited at the desk beforehand); nor, and most of all, should we try to act in the movies. Trust me, friends; Points One and Two I get from hearsay, but Point Three I know.

Now, I never cherished any inordinate illusions about my face, but it seemed to me no worse than many others. For I had never got what the magazine editors call an angle on it; I had always looked at it from straight in front. (I have looked in triple mirrors, but only to see how that coat fits on the shoulders, not from any



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prurient curiosity about my profile.) It may be that my face is really not so bad in frontal view; or it may be only that having never seen it any other way I had got used to it, and taken it for my ideal of manly pulchritude. But I can never think of it in frontal view again, now that the movies have given me an angle on it.

And it was only one of these friendly little pictures, to be run off before a few of the boys at the annual dinner; we who acted in it strutted our modest stuff without apprehension, we sat down to view it on the festal night with no premonitory alarm. I saw the others twitch and squirm as one by one they came into view; but I supposed that was only the little-used and saw-edged dress shirt scratching the tender, unaccustomed neck. But then came my Big Scene, and on the screen appeared a Fiend in Human Form. He was doing my stuff, he was wearing my clothes; but I refused to recognize him till he turned and confronted me with the face I see in the mirror.

I give you my word (though why should I, for everybody must have known this but me) that he managed to combine a bestially prognathous jaw with a weak and degenerate chin; from the ears down he looked like Joe Blotto the Mail Truck Bandit, from the ears up like the deceased Harding; his nose was lofty and serrate, like the Sierra Nevada at sunset; his skull bulged out in the middle over locations which I have since identified, on the phrenologist's chart, as the Bumps of Vanity, Licentiousness, Gluttony, and Avarice. And what I had intended for a smile of Ironic Comprehension came out in the picture as something between a vacuous simper and a vicious leer.

. . . Ah, well! I was not the only one. "They didn't shoot me from my good side," complained the man behind me; but I had no such alibi; I had been shot from all sides. Chastened, much reduced, I perceive at last what my friends have been putting up with all these years; what my wife, that woman of superhuman fortitude, has learned to look at without a perceptible shudder. Some day I, too, may be used to that face; I may be able to overlook it, to reach a *modus vivendi* with Things As They Are. Meanwhile, I am humbly grateful to the heroic persons who have associated with me in spite of all; but it would help, friends, if you would drop me a few postal cards reminding me that God loves me anyhow. —E. D.



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T  
H E K N O X

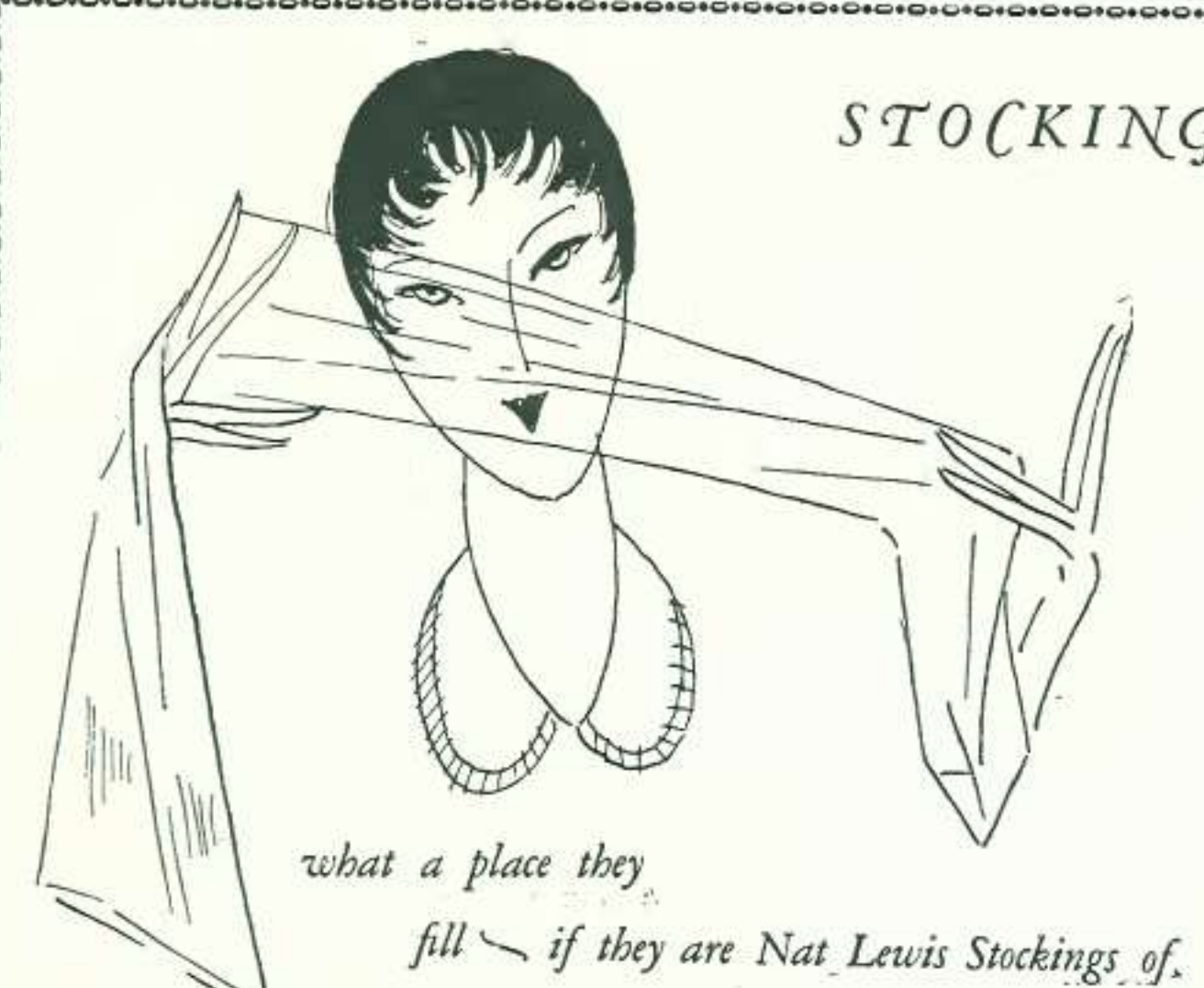
"Fifth Avenue" costs only \$8. But no one but you and your hatter need know it.

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1580 Broadway, (With Men's Dept.)



THIS will be Georgia O'Keeffe week. And at the risk of tiring some and of making others mad, we want to say that she is giving a swell show at Room 303, Anderson Galleries. We don't know anything in this world quite like Georgia O'Keeffe; and we don't know anyone who wouldn't be enriched by a look at the things she does, that the world calls pictures.

We suppose it all started back in the First Reader, this mad association of ideas that makes us, perforce, seek a little story, or a train of cars in a thing known as a picture. About now there should be a new word invented for the canvas that the artist paints. And that word should be something with limitless horizons, letting in all the world. It should be a word with no connotations, no previous furniture. We lug this sermon in because we come across those who say in effect, "O'Keeffe can paint but they are not pictures," meaning, usually, that her subjects are not six lemons, nudes or the tops of houses.

Well, she can paint, and as if to confound those who have hitherto been unmoved, her exhibit this year contains a new phase. Having no further to go in her flower forms, she has sought about, giving us the shore of the lake, the Shelton Hotel and many views from her window. We think she steadily enriches herself from year to year and whatever she touches seems to be magic.

Knowing full well that Time's vote will outweigh ours when it comes to the immortality of Georgia O'Keeffe, we do want to go on record for one thing. O'Keeffe will certainly be looked back upon as one of the milestones. Future historians can trace out the thin line of American endeavor, from the Revolution to 1912, and find scarce a trace of anything that will rise above the norm line of the chart. We were about to say curve, but there has not been enough movement in it to call it a curve. And we bet that among those numbered as throwing bombs into the fac-



# GALLERIES

ard This Story, Please  
p Out of the Room

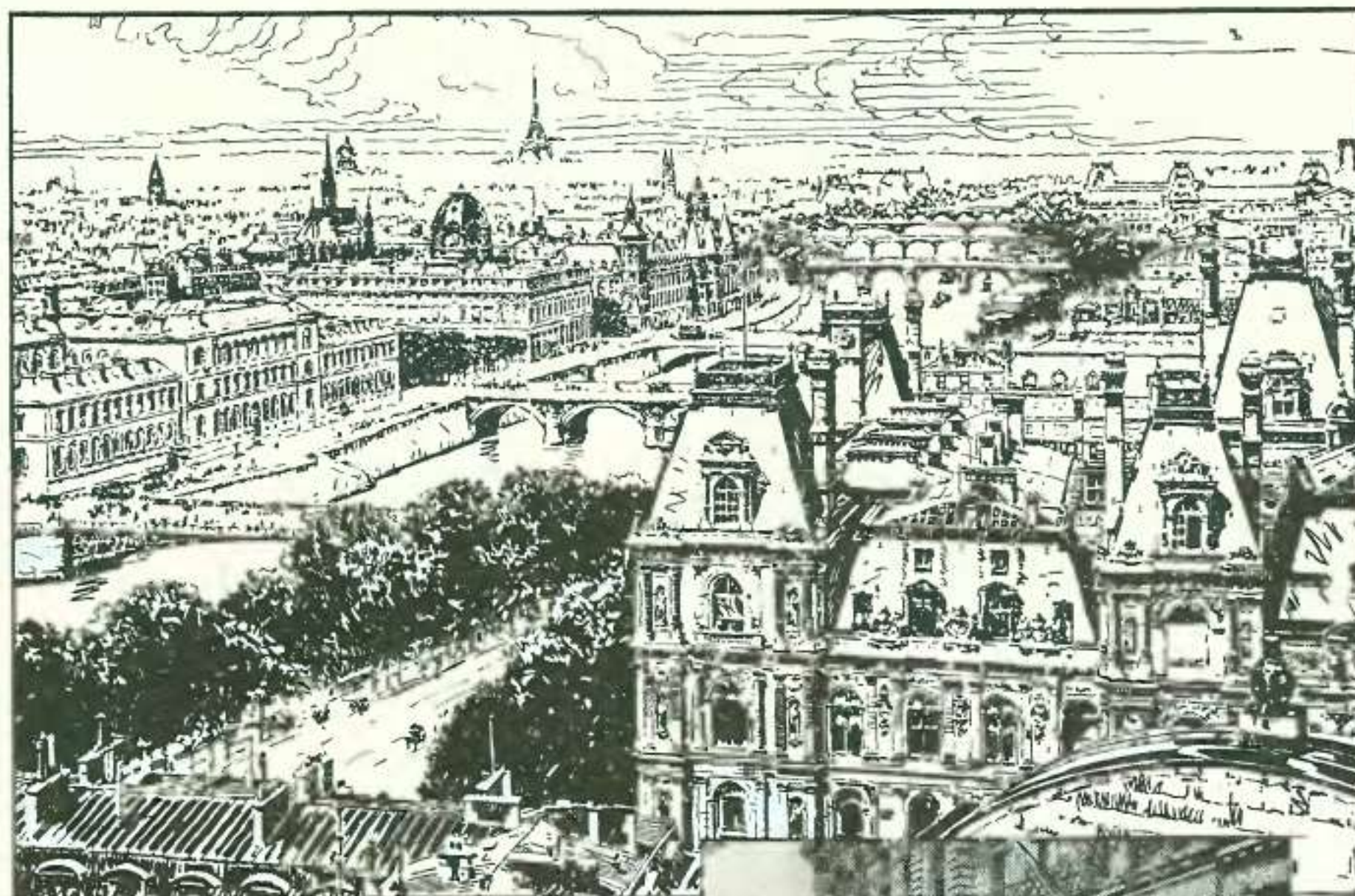
tory of standards and forms will be the little Texas school teacher. Whatever posterity does to her prices (the American's only standard of excellence) it will surely recognize that she stood at the fork of the road and pointed out a thousand pleasant ways, never before seen. She, almost alone of contemporary painters, runs over the edge of her canvas; she is profligate where others save, generous to a bewildering degree.

The little room, of course, is inadequate. The red canna or the calla lily and roses should have a cathedral for presentation. But if you look at the paintings one at a time, the show can be managed. The exhibition will be there for six or seven weeks, so you can go as often as you like. We have quite a list of those we should like to lead around, including the Junior League girls and most of the women who paint timidly. The last word being a bit tautologous.

FOR the "eleganti" there is a brave show at Reinhardt Galleries of everything good, from Greco to Matisse. The admission is one dollar, the funds going to the Greenwich House Music School. A new stunt to us, and a healthy sign that art is on the move. The pictures are from homes of those who have a Rembrandt or Rubens behind every door, and most of them have never been out of their plush shadow-boxes before. Even at the expenditure of a dollar we recommend this show.

Twenty-six of the best pictures in the world, and if you like only twenty-five of them, that comes to four cents apiece. We are almost willing to refund your money if you do not like the Van Gogh or the Gauguin a whole dollar's worth. Working backward, then, there is a Matisse, Picasso, Monet, Manet, Daumier, Corot, Turner, Goya, Greco; oh, well, just about anything you might mention. What a season for waving a wand, for those of us who eat at Childs' and do not go abroad.

WE HAD been hoping that the end of the column would take the switch out of our hand. Alas,



A vista of Paris; Louvre Buildings in the foreground. At right, the Guaranty's Paris Office, one of eight European offices.

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OUR Paris Office,  
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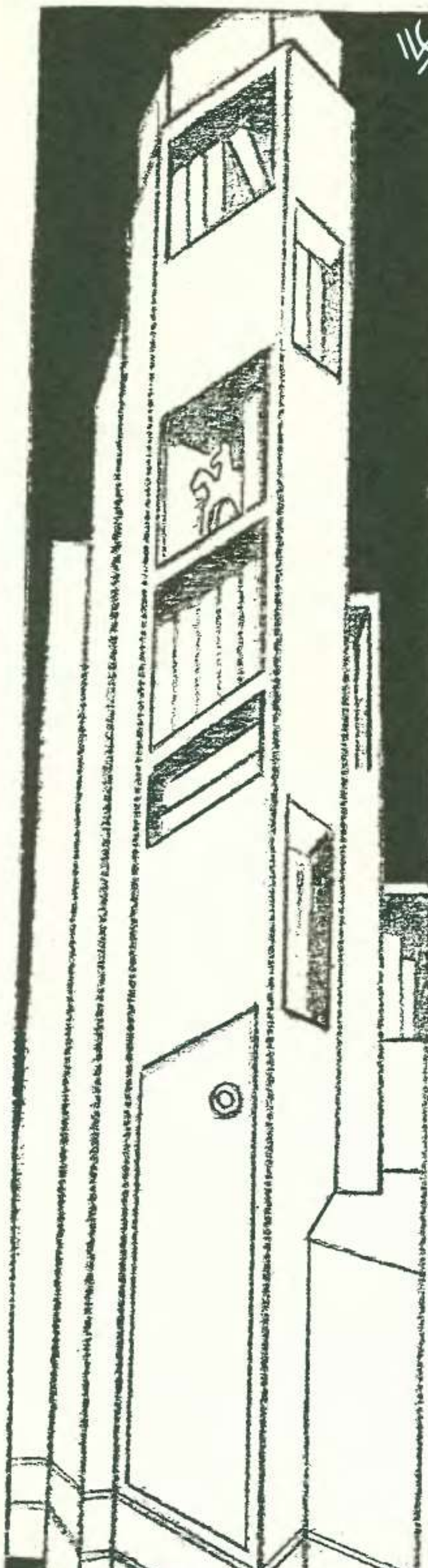
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114

SKYSCRAPER  
FURNITURE

**FRANKL  
GALLERIES**

MODERN  
INTERIORS

4 and 6 EAST 48 TH STR.

it hurts us more than it does the little girls. For, the members of the Junior League can go about their teas and dances and forget all about Art, but we must carry on, seeing such shows. "Civic and Philanthropic," the Juniors called it. So be it. The intent is certainly laudable. The result, we are afraid, will leave the world of art just about where it was before.

The stuff for the exhibit has been gathered from all the cities large enough to have a Social Register. A sociologist could tell you why well-nurtured girls can't paint, or at least, why they don't paint any better than this show would indicate. Their mothers, no doubt, painted china or rolling pins. Honestly, we believe the girls can do better.


THE ARTISTS' GALLERY crowds its little room with the frescoes of Boardman Robinson, master draughtsman. This satirist has been fooling around of late and has come to some happy compromise with tempera. He has confided that drawing is his line and he should be well content. For relaxation he has struck off a few things, drawn, but lightly colored.

Admirers of this artist will find the show a stimulating glimpse of a man who seldom exhibits.

MAURER we found dancing among his flowers at Weyhe, where he had hung out a sign converting that shop into his own. As object lesson to the young he has hung his prize picture of the early days—an academic study of the Chase days.

He is nowhere near as wild as he would like to be, but perhaps it is just as well since he steps down to the public. And artists must live. Surrounding Maurer is J. B. Flannagan with his remarkable sculpture. Flannagan carves mainly in wood and is modern pleasantly.

THE LAST of the Quinn collection is to be sold during four days, beginning February 9, at the galleries of the American Art Association. Most of the good things were gobbled up last year, but we note a Gauguin, a Derain, a Matisse booked for this sale. There are many things of the lesser gods and all will be on view from February 5 until the auction.



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French novelties and  
lovely lamps, they  
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## Are You a New Yorker?

### 5 Hard Questions—

Can you answer them?

1. How did John Wanamaker succeed in securing a million and ½ dollars of merchandise when he had less than half a million in cash assets?
2. How can you have a large financial institution agree to pay off all mortgages and hand your home free and clear to your family?
3. Just what did Stanley Latshaw say about his financial future in a letter he sent to the Four New Yorkers?
4. A man has \$100,000 invested in a business and draws a salary of \$30,000 a year. This money drawn out and put in 5% securities would yield but \$5,000 in yearly interest. His brains earn the difference of \$25,000. How can he make up the deficiency to his family if these brains are withdrawn?
5. If a business partner dies, what could the survivors have done to cause Dun and Bradstreet to continue the firm's full credit rating?

Answered by

### The Four New Yorkers

Keith Morgan    Lloyd Bunting  
Vash Young    H. H. Pennock

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### For Perfection in Hair-Coloring—

The thoughtful woman will not let every Tom, Dick and Harriet color her hair. Too much depends on the perfection of the result. And the result can only be perfect when the hair is colored by an expert. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that more and more women come to Alexandre & Emile, internationally recognized as foremost experts in the art of hair-coloring.

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THE METROPOLITAN has gone in for a show of Swedish decorative arts. Ernest Lawson and Lars Hoftrup have a show at Ferargil's. Etchings of Arthur Briscoe are on at Ackermann Galleries. Boris Anisfeld is showing twenty of his works at the Art Center. Montross will give a fortnight to the paintings of F. Edwin Church. Fred Pye will be on for the rest of the month at Ainslie. Jean Julien Lemordant, paintings and drawings, is on at Wildenstein.

—M.P.

### ON SAYING GOODBYE TO A FAVORITE ROADSTER

This is your last night, Hannibal,  
In this cold shed;  
I won't say farewell now, but call  
"Good luck!" instead.  
And if you freeze as you have done  
So much of late,  
I'll push you in the morning sun  
And not berate  
Your character. So here's the rug  
To keep you warm  
A little while—I'd like to hug  
Your low-slung form  
Old fellow! You have always lent  
Me happy days,  
And shifted moods of discontent  
To pleasant ways.

*Be good and let who will be clever,  
Do noble things  
For your new owner, and forever  
Give him your wings!  
Goodnight . . . old Hannibal . . .*  
—PATIENCE EDEN

### ARE YOU A NEW YORKER?

[THE NUMBERS AND PERSONS  
ASKED FOR ON PAGE 56.]

1. Circle 3203—Jimmy Merrel.
2. Circle 4400—Miss Collins, before 6:00 P.M. After that whoever answers.
3. Spring 8191—Barney, but not the Barney.
4. Circle 6673—Charlie.
5. Circle 3043—Maraschino.
6. Circle 5106—Louis.
7. Plaza 5560—Arnold.
8. Stuyvesant 9290—Charlie the Sheriff.
9. Regent 6000—Jean.
10. Spring 0772—Henry.

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COMMODIOUS  
RESIDENCES  
ALL ON  
ONE FLOOR  
AT THE  
HIGHEST POINT  
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## TABLE

*Still Open All Night**Monsieur Albert Couzins**Chef de Cuisine**says:*

"IN preparing *filet of sole au gratin Fifth Avenue* for your luncheon, or dinner, I first ordered from England a sole, for they are the tenderest and most delicately flavored in the world. It came over alive in a special tank.

"After a suitable welcome, I place the sole in a casserole, and spread over it a blanket of butter, seasonings, plenty of mushrooms, chives and breadcrumbs.

"Then I put it in the oven and frequently baste it with melted butter. When the crumbs are a delicate golden brown, bubbling with a delicious sauce, *le roi des poissons* appears before you.

"This is just one of the dainty dishes that I delight to set before the kings, and queens, of New York."

OSCAR WINTRAB, *Managing Director*  
*The*  
**FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**  
*Restaurant*

PRIVATE DINING-ROOMS

FIFTH AVENUE AT NINTH STREET  
Telephone, Stuyvesant 6410*The Ambassador*

*Announces the Engagement of*  
**"TOMMY LYMAN"**  
*who appears nightly in*  
**THE AMBASSADOR GRILL**

Mr. Lyman has just returned from Europe where he was a sensation at THE FLORIDA and EMBASSY CLUBS, LONDON; PERROQUET and FLORIDA CLUBS, PARIS.

LARRY SIRY and  
 His Famous Orchestra

*Dinner Dancing 7:30 to 10:30.*  
*Supper Dancing 11:15 to closing.*



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*Flamme de Gloire*  
 (FLAME OF GLORY)



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PEOPLE whose desire it is to see the dawn come up regularly may take heart, curfew or no curfew, and manage to survive until Texas Guinan opens her fifty-room hotel and once again turns 'em out on the sidewalks at nine in the morning. For the Childs' restaurant at Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street is open all night. There is no orchestra, but one can watch all the boys and all the girls (the separation is intentional) that used to make the Columbus Circle version so instructive. (We herewith announce our solemn intention of carrying on the crusading banner of *Broadway Brevities*, lately deceased after a furious campaign for purity.) I wonder if Mr. Childs knows about this. Certainly, Mr. Havelock Ellis would be interested.



THERE has been much yipping of an enthusiastic nature about a new restaurant called El Patio, lurking quaintly at 58 West Forty-seventh Street. It turns out to be a subterranean place, dimly lighted, all dolled up with stucco that scrapes your knuckles, and decorated in a late Alice Foote MacDougall style. The crowd is not tea-roomy, many people in evening dress being observed by our reporter. But I simply cannot get over being naïve. If a place is called El Patio and has three troubadour Spanish singers, I still think it ought to be Spanish. So I patiently ordered the article with the fanciest name under the Spanish specialties list. Thirty-seven minutes, to the second, after some rather lukewarm soup had trickled down my gullet, appeared a mutton chop and some very nice rice with bits of pimento scattered through it for atmosphere. It was very good, but gee whiz! I advise you to stick to the conventional dishes, for sundry people claim that the regular American menu is superbly excellent. I must try again in a less ambitious way.

THIS week's candidate for the cheap-and-tasty dinner list is Chico's, at 245 Sullivan Street. What a place this is for the released suburbanite to loop in! For it is typically Vil-



## FOR TWO

## Remarks on Dining Out



lage, except that the clientèle is composed, not of minors, but of the type of people who dash forth and think it extremely chic to pretend that their husbands are not along and that they, next minute, are going to pull off an elopement with John Jones, whose oblivious wife is at the other end of the table. Which makes things very noisy, very informal, and very grand if you are in the mood. The table

d'hôte dinner, which is excellent, costs \$1.25. After nine, à la carte dishes are in order. The three-piece orchestra, which is very jazzy, includes a Filipino who has a cheery smile and roams around with a guitar singing romantically. (There were three good voices who joined in on the Saturday night I was there.) And I believe that anybody who feels like getting up and performing receives both sympathy and encouragement.

All in all, just a place for the liberation of the spirit and the unloosing of the Inhibition.

KARL K. KITCHEN, in his booklet, "The New York I Know," crashes merrily into the analysis of the restaurants about town in a manner most informative. But, oh, oh, to mention right out loud the names and addresses of places where you can get drinks! What a breach of professional ethics!

Still, it has already saved me considerable effort. For I did not know quite what to say about the Restaurant Cyrano, whither I fled one day on discovering the Piping Rock slumbering once more under a padlock. I found it a quiet, not-very-much remodelled ground floor apartment, with food excellent and expensive and service perfect. Almost no one was there.

Follows Mr. Kitchen's acute analysis:

"If you want an expensive dinner—in a private room, or booth—go to Restaurant Cyrano at 27 East Fifty-fifth Street.

"Louis, formerly of the Club Monaco, is in charge there. A telephone call to Plaza 1118 will reserve a table



## Night Life

moves to Yorkville

The Chantilly, at Madison Avenue and 85th Street, is New York's new place to go to after theatre.

And it's open till dawn!

1. Decidedly tony tid-bits.
2. Extremely superior salads.
3. Very upper-crust sandwiches.

# The Chantilly

Madison avenue at 85<sup>th</sup>

Restaurant — Confiserie — Patisserie — and, er, Delicatessen!



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for those who  
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of one

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or a *cabinet particulier*. Ask Louis for anything you want—he'll get it for you."

So now you know the secret, if any.

HOW Harry Richman keeps it up, night after night, is beyond me. He is one of the few people in town who can make queeps mit smott crecks constantly without boring you, and his fund is inexhaustible. Which means that I have recently made another jaunt over to the Club Richman, found it packed and merry and very much interested in Peggy Joyce's new beau, stayed long enough to eat scrambled eggs and hear Richman's first turn, and went home. Whether you stay to watch Nate Leipsig stun you with his card tricks or not, it is worth going to.

For it is one of those places that get into full swing at midnight, which is rare in this town of ours.

FOLLOWS one of those helpful bits of information, gracefully worded:

"Do let me suggest a really unusual and interesting restaurant which has the merit of having really delicious food and is not widely known.

"It is the Damascus Restaurant, at 7 West Twenty-fourth Street, up one flight.

"For a trial dinner, I recommend stuffed Manazaleh with Dawood Basha as the entrée (although the proprietor says most people believe Kibbah much superior), and for dessert, Biklawas with Turkish coffee.

"Manazaleh (ED. NOTE.—My correspondent must stand by the spelling) is a dish prepared by the natives as it has been prepared for the past two thousand years. It is stuffed egg-plant. Dawood Basha is meat balls.

"Kibbah, the proprietor explained, is a mixture of crushed wheat and meat, while Biklawas is a delicious pastry made of chopped nuts, honey and other incidentals. It is very sweet and really needs the Turkish coffee as a complement.

"I would also like to say a word for the stuffed grape leaves—the stuffing being composed of rice and chopped meat."

IN A review a week or two ago, I mentioned the Sukiyaki Restaurant on Sixth Avenue. I discover that its real name is the Daruma, and that it's to be found at 781 Sixth, to be exact.

—LIPSTICK

*Either Never Attempt—*



*—or Achieve Perfection*

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special assortments to order \$25 up

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Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Food is for thought—where  
thought is for food.

## CRILLON

"Gasterea is the tenth muse. She presides over the enjoyments of taste. She might lay claim to the empire of the universe, for the universe is nothing without life, and all that has life requires nourishment."

*Brillat-Savarin.*

## CRILLON

"Eat with understanding, and interest in the dishes set before you must prove genuine and engrossing, as enthusiasm over the last new thing in art and ethics has never been—never can be."

*E. R. Pennell.*

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THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE IS NOT LIKE  
THIS AFTER A NIGHT AT THE

## TWIN OAKS SUPPER CLUB

WHERE JOHNNY JOHNSON AND HIS BOYS  
CHASE YOUR BLUES AT DINNER AND AFTER  
THEATRE WITH THEIR AMUSING ANTICS AND  
ROLICKING DANCE MUSIC—AND WHERE YOU  
WILL HAVE NO DISTURBING THOUGHT OF AN  
EXHORBITANT COVER CHARGE OR EXCESSIVE  
MENU PRICES—  
FORTY SIXTH ST. JUST EAST OF BROADWAY—BRYANT 6510

## EL PATIO

58 West  
47<sup>th</sup> Street

"WHAT is this place Helen is raving about, Marie?" "It's a bit of old Spain in New York, Mildred. Spanish atmosphere. Troubadours. Wonderful American and Spanish dishes, and truly reasonable. It's New York's newest sensation—El Patio. We'll go there for luncheon."



### Different

A VISIT to  
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East . . . at 12  
East 30th St.  
All the  
delicious dishes of the Orient.

"The food is terribly good . . . the lamb is cooked on spits with tomatoes and things . . . the lovable waiter will tell you the components of each dish."

—LIPSTICK

Constantinople Restaurant

12 East 30

Ashland 0129

## THE COUNTY FAIR

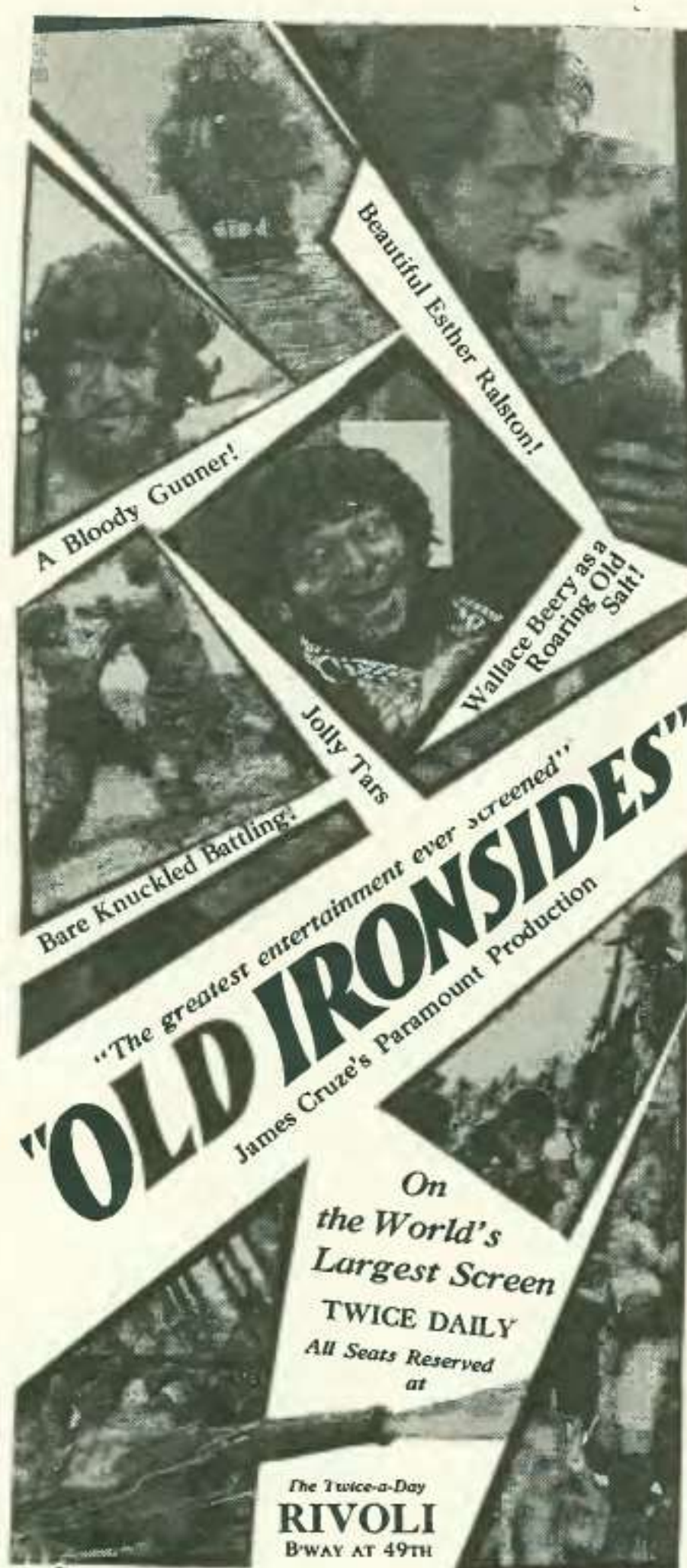


HAVING A  
VERY GAY  
WINTER  
THANK YOU  
AT

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STUYVESANT 3290

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FOR SMART NEW YORKERS





A Bloody Gunner!  
Beautiful Esther Ralston!  
Wallace Beery as a Roaring Old Salt!  
Jolly Tars  
Bare Knuckled Battling!  
"The greatest entertainment ever screened!"  
**"OLD IRONSIDES"**  
James Cruze's Paramount Production  
On the World's Largest Screen  
TWICE DAILY  
All Seats Reserved at  
The Twice-a-Day  
**RIVOLI**  
B'WAY AT 49TH

## THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Another Russian Goes To His Maker—The Music Master Is Playing Again*



IT IS announced preceding the picturing of "Polykushka," at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, that almost all the cast are members of the Moscow Art Theatre. This blunts slightly an impression I have harbored for more than a considerable space of time, and I marvel at it in a reasonable fashion. Until this news was spread before my eye, I had treasured the opinion that *all* Russian actors, and actresses, from those who threw themselves into a frenzy leading to suicide, down to the lesser performers who merely stalked onto the stage and remarked "The car awaits," were members of the Art Theatre. It is interesting to know that my belief was in error, but it is no relief.

If you are weary of trite plots, and absurd events, and would allow your mind to be exposed to a simple tale with plausible moments, "Polykushka" is undoubtedly what you need. The lighting is poor, and the details are so jerked about that the mind is seldom permitted to get a grasp on the minor proceedings, but these, under the circumstances, are trivial faults and you should not allow them to bother you.

*Polykushka* was a serf in Russia in 1830. He developed a regrettable habit of stealing bits of harness, and other movable chattels, and selling them to purchase vodka. After which he would get tight and wander the streets of the village singing to the villagers the ditties of the day, and making himself generally offensive—though good-natured about it. His mistress reformed him and sent him to town for a wad of money which he lost, and, being a Russian and conforming to the custom of his country, he took himself to a barn and hung from a rafter with a rope around his neck. That would have been a good place to stop, but there is a little semi-symbolism attached that does no harm, and that may save a soul.

A FOX picture, "The Music Master," has found its way into the Strand, and that is all right. It is

## Have You a Little Movie Camera in Your Home?

IF so, the amateur movie department in Photoplay Magazine is priceless to you. Without it, you are wasting expensive film, your pictures will bore your friends, and the magnates will never offer you \$5,000.00 a week as a director.

**Why Not Be Good While You're At It?**

**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**

James R. Quirk, Editor

**February Issue**

**Today at**

**ALL NEWS STANDS**

## New Yorkers! See New York!

De luxe sight-seeing trip, sponsored by Paramount, directed by Luther Reed, leaves at two-hour intervals at the Paramount Theatre. "East Side, West Side, all around the town" with these charming people as your traveling companions, Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, William Powell, Estelle Taylor, Norman Trevor. Between trips, Frank Cambria's delightful Publix Revue "Under the Brooklyn Bridge" to entertain you, Jesse Crawford at the Organ, and some interesting novelty films.

Times Square Broadway at 43rd St.  One of the Publix Theatres

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B.S. MOSS COLONY B'WAY AT 53 ST. 8:30

## PLAZA THEATRE

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Sun. and Mon., Jan. 23 and 24: "SUMMER BACHELORS" with Madge Bellamy; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 25 and 26: Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez in "THE EAGLE OF THE SEA"; Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 27 and 28: Vera Reynolds in "CORFORAL KATE" and Huntley Gordon in "THE TRUTHFUL SEX"; Saturday, Jan. 29: "WINGS OF THE STORM" with "Thunder," the Dog, and William Russell.

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 Jan. 17  
 Week of **PYGMALION**  
 Jan. 24  
**GUILD** Th., W. 52 St. Eves. 8:30  
 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:30  
 Week of **The Silver Cord**  
 Jan. 17  
 Week of **NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER**  
 Jan. 24  
**JOHN GOLDEN THEA.** 58th St., E. of B'y  
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 B'way at 40th St.  
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 in  
 "The Constant Wife"  
 By W. Somerset Maugham  
**MAXINE ELLIOTT'S** Eves. at 8:30  
 Theatre, 39th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.  
**HOLBROOK BLINN**  
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 "The Play's The Thing"  
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taken, of course, from the play of the same name, and as the son of the author wrote the scenario there is in all probability some similarity between the two presentations. There is a restraint and a dignity about the affair that makes it worth your while, and that counterbalances its being a shade over long, and more than obvious.

As you may know, it is of a famous musician who comes to America to find his wife who eloped, and the daughter that she took with her. For sixteen years he pines not too sloppily for domestic affection, and spends all his money on the hunt. When the happy ending arrives any audience should be able to pack up its tears and depart satisfied.

Alec B. Francis is the musician, and he borders on being a male Mary Carr, but—Allah be praised—he doesn't quite go the distance, and makes himself convincing. As the missing daughter, Lois Moran is pleasant. For a few scenes it looked as if somebody had been showing her Greta Garbo in action, and the result conclusively proved that nice little girls shouldn't see things like that.

**H**IDDEN behind as massive a display of vaudeville as has been harbored in any movie house is W. C. Fields in "The Potters" at the Paramount. Although he comports himself to more effect in this than in his other pictures—there is not much point in your attending. One or two amusing bits raise their heads out of the surrounding dullness, but the general effect is sort of slow motion. The plot about the worthless oil stock that became fabulously valuable has been whispered around the clubs for several months now, and is no surprise.

Perhaps my judgment is clouded by the memories of the times when the gentleman's antics have set me rolling in a theatre seat, and I hope for too much from his cinematic gesticulations. Whatever the cause, he leaves my sense of diversion unruffled.

**"N**OBODY'S WIDOW" was at the Hippodrome, and let's keep it a secret. —O. C.

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"Can you conceive? What sort of a world is this, anyway, where such a thing can happen to a girl?"

"I ask you! Of course, I know one should be prepared for such emergencies, but I've been going about with Hughie for so long that I have grown a bit careless about keeping my flask filled. But, really. . . ."

"Well, this should certainly be a lesson! Still, one can almost always get it somehow."

"Of course! But, Francie, you haven't heard the worst! Let me tell you—he's a Prohibitionist. I swear it! He's got convictions!"

"Oh, my God! And you were out with him! Weren't you petrified?"

"Well, at first at the hockey game I thought he was maybe a little absent-minded—see?—and was excited about the game and hadn't given it a thought. But when he still didn't rise when I told him I was a little chilly and, anyhow, I had a sort of a slight cold, well, then I should have suspected something, but I didn't. I mean in these days! He seemed so normal! How was I to know?"

"No distinguishing marks?"

"Not one! I never dreamt such a thing could happen to me! And when he didn't produce and didn't produce, I got sort of desperate and so I just said that, 'Well, this club is one place I like to come because you can always trust the stuff you get from Joe, the check-room boy, not to put out more than one eye.'"

"Well, you were certainly definite. Didn't he rise?"

"Rise? He jumped up and bit me! That was his cue for his W. C. T. U. harangue."

"Heavens, to think that such a thing can happen in this day and age! It gives me the shivers! What did you do, walk out on the party? If ever a girl had a written excuse!"

"We-ell, no. You see, I kept thinking that he was just spoofing me and that maybe Hughie had put him up to it. But I give you my word, Francie, I couldn't sleep a wink when I got home and even now I can't get it off my mind. I mean it! To think that such a thing could happen to me!"

"Horrible! Why, my dear, I should think you would be prostrated."

—G. SCHWABE

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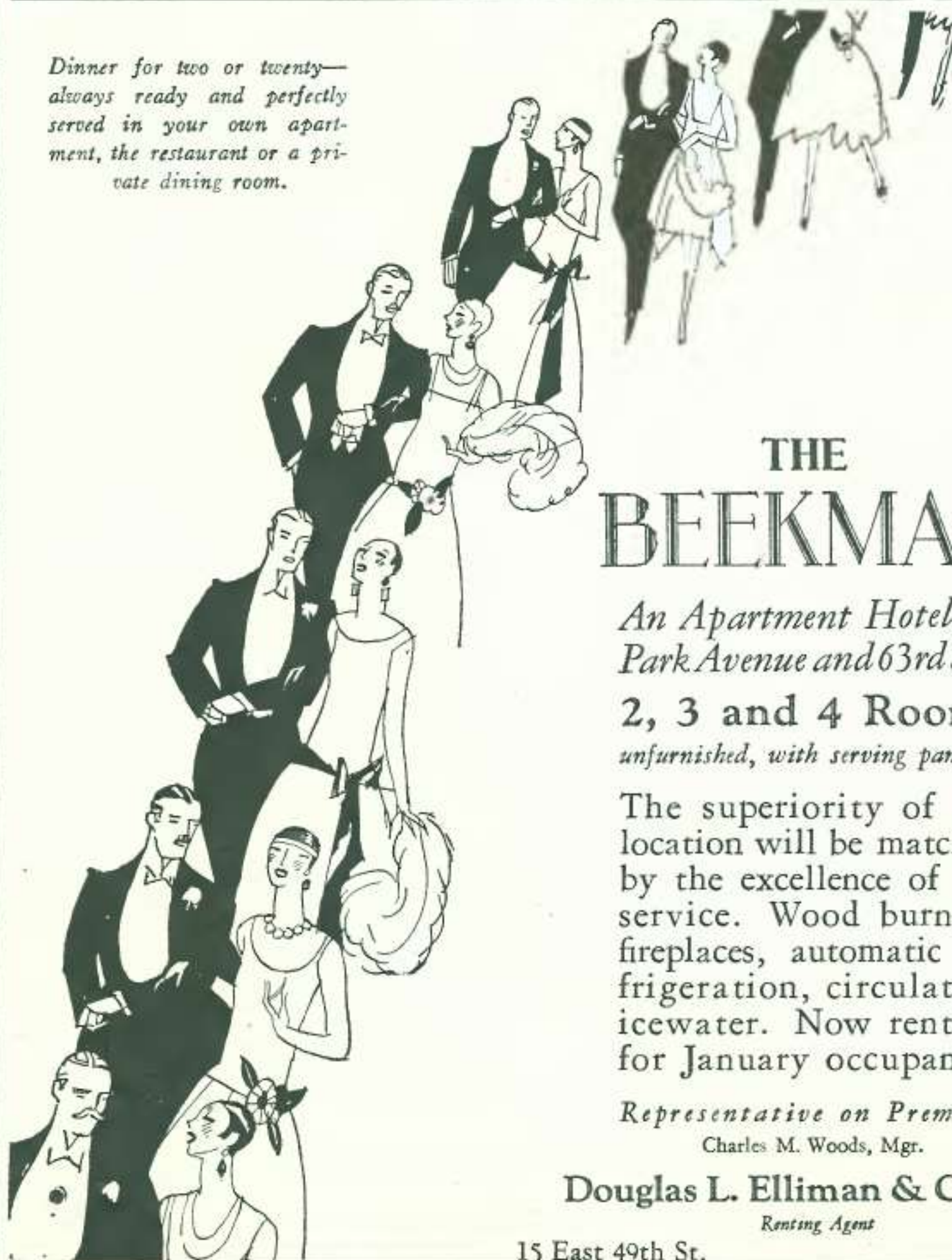
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## THE NEW BOOKS

*Young America and Young England in Fiction: John Gunther and David Garnett—Booth Tarkington's Bigger and Better Babbitt Makes His Début*

ANTICIPATING the verdict of *THE NEW YORKER*, the publishers say that "The Red Pavilion," by John Gunther, is not for the "old lady from Dubuque." They are right, and I will add that it is very much for New Yorkers, if for no other reason than because it is not about themselves but about Chicago. John Gunther is, I understand, an exile from that sweet city and represents one of its papers in London, or thereabouts. Before embarking on his hegira, I understand, he offered this manuscript in vain to those of his compatriots who engage in that alarming game of chance known as publishing. With one accord, they rejected it, and the greater their "sophistication," the more emphatic the rejection, for it is well known that only Britishers and Armenians can be smart and sophisticated in the marketable sense of those words.

Here is a chance for patriotism to challenge "The Green Hat" and "Antic Hay" on their own grounds. Mr. Gunther found a publisher for his book in London last spring, and now it comes back to these shores with a venerable American imprint. It is the best attempt yet to do for youthful American society what Huxley has done for the English variety. To say that the author owes something to his predecessor, is not to detract from the essentially American quality which gives the "Red Pavilion" its originality. When I had finished it I began to understand a little better why fashionable Chicago murder and mutilation cases are quite what they are. This is not the Chicago of Carl Sandburg; it is closer to the Chicago of Leopold and Loeb.

The story, so far as it is a story, hangs upon the loose thread of Richard Northway's and Shirley Bowdoin's marriage, which was such a success that it was ruining their lives as individuals. Shirley is a sculptress, and in accordance with his system of putting in footnotes where precise details are wanted, Mr. Gunther even gives the name, address, and telephone number of the purchaser of one of her statues. He is not, you will observe,

above this sort of facetiousness. But neither is he below the requirements of this particular problem of theirs, and his handling of their adventure shows the real scope of his powers, especially the climax in which, during a long night's tramp, Richard turns the question over and over, and decides that, now Shirley has returned to him and their love is re-awakened, he must leave her for both their sakes.

WHERE he excels, however, is in his evocation of the milieu and his sharp portraiture of types as true of New York as of Chicago, but essentially American: Leon Goodman, the Russian Jewish poet, who loves suffering, Austin Devery, a professional and professorial cynic, who alone can more or less cope with Doris Barron. Doris is nineteen and has just been "de-adolesced" through her own efforts, of which she is inordinately proud. The process did not alarm or amuse her much, nor did it do her much good from her own point of view, because throughout the book she is eternally preoccupied with her non-existent chastity. Here is Owen Johnson's "Salamander" up to date and seen through the eyes of her realistic contemporaries, instead of through a haze of elderly indignation or retrospective condescension. Mr. Gunther has a sense of gentle humor as well as a great delight in such jokes as listing interminable names of deities or drinks, and playing familiarly with the humors of the laboratory and the classroom. But even in close proximity to the latter, he can turn a good paragraph. For example, this picture of the campus:

"There were young men from the fraternity houses wearing tight-fitting coats, enormously baggy trousers, soft collars buttoned down on white shirts, and Oxford brogue shoes. Passing him also were girls who were amazing: girls often pretty and always smart, excessively smart in their brief skirts and close-clipped hair, glittering and shining in the sun. They shone with youth and disdain and a casual knowing confidence. Although it was





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—greatest living American novelist—says:

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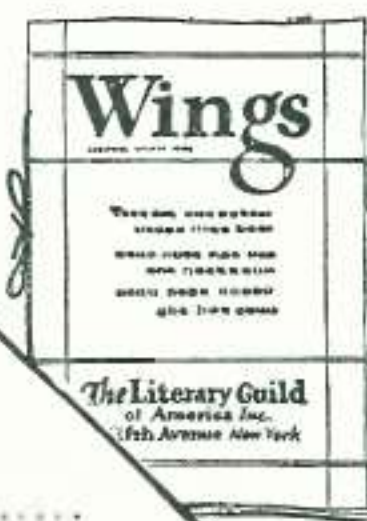
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late in the spring, many of them still wore huge fur coats just cupping their small faces, and unbuckled galoshes defining trimly the silken brevity of leg. So fresh and young and brave and knowing, these hundreds of girls. It was a pity, thought Austin, that they drank so much."

"THE RED PAVILION," despite Aldous Huxley, is an original work of real American fiction and a first novel which displays humor and imagination unusual in the circumstances. David Garnett's "Go She Must," on the other hand, is the fourth novel of a young Englishman whose first and second efforts, "Lady Into Fox" and "A Man in the Zoo" brought him into the front rank of the younger novelists. Those works of pure fantasy enchanted many readers who will regret, I fancy, that in his latest book the author has moved away from the realm of pure imagination and has turned definitely in the direction of realism.

The story is simple to the point of being commonplace. It relates how *Anne Dunnock*, the daughter of a half-mad English country parson, longs to escape into the world. The village grocer's son lives in Paris and, although he is—for once—innocent in the matter, he is the cause of her going there to live with him. Her arrival causes him no pleasure, as it is an intrusion upon his friendship with *Grandison*, who dwells in a state of happy concubinage with one of those French girls, named *Ginette*. *Grandison* prefers *Anne* to *Ginette* and, although *Anne* does not insist, he marries her, thereby breaking up his friendship with *Richard* and his happiness with *Ginette*. When the village grocer goes bankrupt, *Richard* returns to the village. Then *Anne* hears that her father has gone quite mad, so she returns and finds the old gentleman has filled his house with the birds he so much loved and thinks that they are angels.

There is no plot to speak of and no psychology. What will the devotees of Garnett find here for their pains? Well, a certain charm in the writing down of simple things, a curious sort of flight from emotion that gives an effect of poignancy. The bird-mad rector is the only character who stands out unmistakably as a creature of Garnett's fantastic imagination. The other figures are traditional, and the situations in which they are placed offer no scope for striking effects. Description rather than analysis is the

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aim of this quiet narrative. If it were the author's first book, his fame would have been delayed.

BOOTH TARKINGTON, as I have often noticed, likes playing the devil's advocate, if by "devil" one means the embattled hosts of conservative respectability. "The Plutocrat" reads too obviously like a counterblast to Sinclair Lewis to be quite convincing. *Earle Tinker*, President of the Illinois Paper and Union Paper Company, is first shown to us through the eyes of *Laurence Ogle*, a New York "sophisticate" as described by O. O. McIntyre for the self-satisfaction of the provincial booboisie. To him *Tinker* is the perfect Man of Vision as pilloried by Mencken. We hear him yelling his songs in the steamer smokeroom, calling his wife "Honey" and his daughter "Baby," slapping men and women on the back, and outraging the finer feelings of the "sophisticated" *Mr. Ogle*, but getting closer and closer to the respect of all intelligent people as the European trip proceeds. At first one would think that *Mr. Tarkington* sided with Sinclair Lewis, but his aim is to say all that *Ogle* can say and then defeat the latter utterly. He does this by various means. *Ogle's* highbrow play is a flop. The ladies all prefer *Tinker* to *Ogle*. One of them tells *Ogle* that *Tinker* is "a great barbarian with great power," and an archeologist far surpasses her by declaring that *Tinker* is "a great Roman," for which reason he is laughed at by intellectuals and the like, just as the Greeks and Orientals used to laugh at Roman civilization.

In the end *Tinker* triumphs over everyone except his wife, who rules him with affectionate but sure discipline, and his daughter, who marries the unpromising *Ogle*. The reason for this, I take leave to suspect, is that these are the only human beings whom *Tinker* does not bluff or bully with his money—they being assured of more than their share. *Mr. Tarkington's* story is full of rich entertainment and will probably be as popular as Sinclair Lewis' broadsides from the enemy's camp. So long as everyone understands that Booth Tarkington has neither proved that an intellectual American must be an affected tenth-rater, like *Ogle*, nor that the subservience of Europeans to Midwestern plutocrats is the unanswerable argument in favor of Rotarian civilization—then no harm is done by this piece of broad comedy. —ALCESTE

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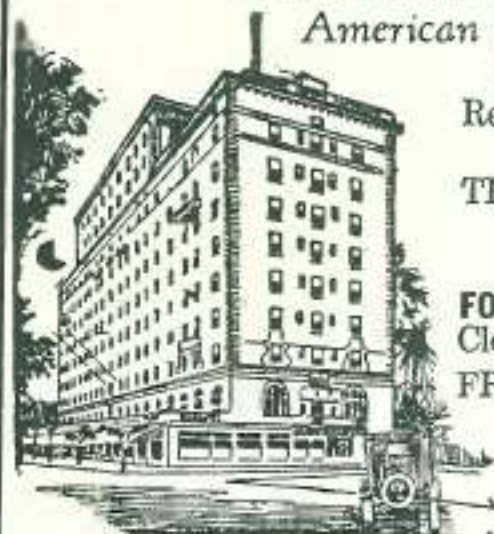
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### NOVELS

THE RED PAVILION, by John Gunther (Harper). Reviewed on page 74.

GO SHE MUST, by David Garnett (Knopf). Reviewed on page 76.

THE PLUTOCRAT, by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Page). Reviewed on page 77.

TOMORROW MORNING, by Anne Parrish (Harper). An interesting variation on the theme—woman's work is never done.

LITTLE PITCHERS, by Isa Glenn (Knopf). Domestic misery as seen through the eyes of a child.

THE RUIN, by E. Sackville West (Knopf).

A DEPUTY WAS KING, by G. B. Stern (Knopf).

TIN WEDDING, by Margaret Leech (Boni & Liveright). A subtle study of frustrated happiness in marriage.

THE ORPHAN ANGEL, by Elinor Wylie (Knopf). Brilliant and amusing.

MY MORTAL ENEMY, by Willa Cather (Knopf). The overtones of another "lost lady." A short novel which must be read by all who follow our foremost woman novelist.

GALAHAD, by John Erskine (Bobbs-Merrill). Life in Camelot in the author's best manner.

THE SUN ALSO RISES, by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner). A brilliant study of Americans in Paris.

A MAN COULD STAND UP—, by Ford Madox Ford (A. & C. Boni). The last volume of an excellent trilogy.

And of Course You've Seen—

THE TWO SISTERS, by H. E. Bates (Viking Press). NIGGER HEAVEN, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). SHOW BOAT, by Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Page).

### GENERAL

NAPOLEON, THE MAN OF DESTINY, by Emil Ludwig (Boni & Liveright). GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, by A. H. Godwin (Dutton).

SO THIS IS JAZZ, by Henry O. Osgood (Little, Brown). The history of a one hundred per cent. American art.

PREJUDICES, Fifth Series, by H. L. Mencken (Knopf). Contains the Baltimore sage's indictment of Bryan.

NOTES ON DEMOCRACY, by H. L. Mencken (Knopf). The last word on behalf of the civilized minority.

JESTING PILATE, by Aldous Huxley (Doran). Wherein an English sophisticate goes round the world.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: THE IMAGE AND THE MAN, by W. E. Woodward (Boni & Liveright). A thorough de-bunking of the sacrosanct paragon Washington of tradition.

MURDER FOR PROFIT, by William Bolitho (Harper). Bolitho's writing could hardly be improved upon.

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OF WINTER**

The Avenues are banked with sooty  
snow,  
And hydrants, squatting grimly and  
a-gush,  
Produce therewith a broad expanse of  
slush  
So that, by sodden feet, each man will  
know  
The D. S. C. is busy here below.  
In squads the heated taxies warp and  
rush  
To spatter puddles at the weaving  
crush;  
Clouds spit; policemen shiver; mean  
winds blow.

Methinks the winter is a filthy season,  
And being Nordic insufficient reason  
For breasting sleet, pneumonia and  
draught

To ply a trade or exercise a craft  
The while, unhibernating, to pretend  
One likes its so-called stimulus no end.

—PHILIP G. WYLIE

A lady (you  
May well know who)  
A poorly painted  
Parvenue,  
Lest seeming crude  
Affects the prude  
And won't buy hose  
That's marked "French nude."

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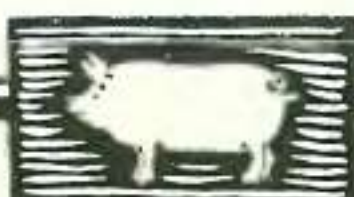
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